TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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THE FRONT PAGE

"POPULAR forms of Government are possible only when individual men can govern their own lives on moral principles."—Froude.

To the Right Honorable Sir Wilfrid Laurier, Prime Minister of Canada.

Dear Sir Wilfrid: For upward of thirteen years you have served Canada as its Chief Minister. For many years you served as Leader of His Majesty's Loyal Opposition. In all that period of time I do not know of one single imputation of wrong dealing—morally or politically—that could be rightfully brought home to you.

Realizing all these things, I now ask you in the name of common decency, in the name of men who trespass not, in the name of the fair women of the land, in the name of the rising generations, to rid your Cabinet of a man whose morals—or lack of morals—outrages every sense of decency.

Someone has said—a judicial mind perhaps—that a man's private character, a man's private life, and a man's private doings have nothing in common with his public career; in other words, are no one's business.

The fundamental principles of government tend to raise a group of men above their fellows. You, Sir Wilfrid, you are the guiding star in this land of ours. To you we must look up, else the whole fabric of popular government falls of its own weight. Froude has said, in speaking of ancient Rome, that morality engrained in the national character and grooved into habits creates strength as nothing else creates it. If this be true of Rome under Cæsar, it is equally true in Canada under Laurier.

When a man, by the will of the people reaches an exalted position; when that man enters public life as one of the leaders of the people, and assumes not only a title of distinction granted by his Sovereign, but takes office as chief of one of the great departments of your government, it can in all sincerity be demanded that this man's private life should accord with what we expect of his public career.

If this Cabinet officer can by any trick of conscience consider himself vindicated, so much the better for him, but by the same token this seeming vindication does not satisfy the public conscience. The people of Canada demand more than this: they demand this man's resignation.

If Canada is to stand to its ideals, Canada can no longer afford to harbor such men within its Cabinet gates.

EDITOR,
SATURDAY NIGHT.

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PREMIER McBRIDE, of British Columbia, whose picture adorns the Front Page of TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT this week, is at present in the throes of an election campaign. The Provincial Premier, with a majority of sixteen in the last Legislature, undertook what his friends and political adherents call a progressive railway policy; the railway element being represented by Mackenzie & Mann. That the Premier's policy did not meet with the entire approval of his colleagues is self-evident, and now Mr. McBride seeks vindication at the polls. The Conservatives, headed by Premier McBride, claim twenty-seven safe seats, while the Liberals, heading the onslaught on the C.N.R. policy, make claims almost equally large. But we all know from past experiences what pre-election claims and predictions are worth.

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CANADA had a centenary celebration the other day; one which should have been heralded broadcast throughtout the land, but so far as I am aware, aside from a firm giving its employees a day off and the shipping of the port of Montreal recognizing the event to the extent of spreading its bunting to the breeze, no one has heard of it.

A hundred years ago last Monday at the port of Montreal there was launched the steamer Accommodation, the first vessel propelled by steam and built wholly on this continent to ply the waters of the western world.

The owner and builder of this vessel, which outdid the Clermont, inasmuch as Robert Fulton's vessel was engined in England, whereas the Accommodation was built, every inch of her, in Canada, was the Hon. John Molson, of Montreal. The Accommodation was not a lordly vessel as we know them to-day, indeed not so large as many private yachts that now ply Canada's lakes and rivers, for she was only seventy-five feet long with accommodation for twenty passengers. Her engine, built at the Montreal foundry owned by Hon. John Molson, was of a crude and simple sort. The propelling machinery consisted of two paddle wheels, and these were coupled up to a horizontal, direct acting engine. That her machinery was not overpowerful, as we compare it with the steamer of to-day, is evinced by the fact that she took twenty-four hours to make the run from Montreal to Quebec, a matter of one hundred and eighty miles, while we are told that upon her return trip, owing probably to the current, she took considerably longer.

Following along in the wake of the Accommodation we find the Swiftsure, launched a few months later by Mr. Molson, and then came the Malsham, the Car of Commerce, the Quebec and the Traveller, the two latter being utilized on the Richelieu River, while all the former vessels plied between Montreal and Quebec. This composed Canada's fleet of river steamers until 1818, in which year the Swiftsure was enlarged and re-engined, and the Lady Sherbrooke, a much larger, faster and altogether finer vessel, found her way into the trade. It is curious to note that only upon the introduction of these latter vessels were the old calashes and stage-coaches between Quebec and Montreal entirely discarded, for the accommodation was such upon the earlier boats that people, unless in a desperate hurry, preferred the coach and the country inn to the crowded night quarters of the steamers.

Seven years after the launching of the Accommodation at Montreal the inhabitants along the shores of Lake Ontario caught their first glimpse of a steamer, for it was in 1816 that the Queen Charlotte, a British built vessel in type very much like the Accommodation and the Malsham, began plying between lake ports.

The following extract from a topographical description of Lower Canada in 1809 by Joseph Bouchette, surveyor general of Lower Canada, and published in a London, England paper in that year, is not without interest:—

"Two steamboats have been launched upon the St. Lawrence, and during the summer time they are constantly navigating between Montreal and Quebec. They are fitted up with great attention to the ease and comfort of the public. A cabin passenger, with sixty pounds of luggage, pays £3 to Montreal; but from thence to Quebec only £2 10s., the expense of the table therein included. Steerage passengers pay 15 shillings. Extra luggage is paid for at the rate of one penny a pound. The voyage down the river is performed in forty-eight hours, but going upwards it is some hours longer, on account of the strong currents.

"Mr. Molson, of Montreal, is the person who has embarked a large capital in the undertaking, and it is pleasing to find his enterprise has been productive of considerable profit to himself. He has been countenanced in his venture by the Provincial Legislature, but has not obtained exclusive privileges. On occasions of emergency these boats have been used for the conveyance of troops, and have thereby contributed greatly to forward the public service."

The other boat alluded to above was the Swiftsure.

Such were the beginnings of Canada's inland steam navigation, and the father of it all, whose shadow passes on, unheralded and unspoken, was John Molson, merchant, shipbuilder, brewer and banker of Montreal.

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I OBSERVE that the new Central Prison is to be operated according to the most approved ideas. Among other things, we are told that cropped heads are to be abolished, that consumptive prisoners will be isolated and will live out of doors as much as possible, and that teaching the illiterates will be seriously taken up. We are also informed that there will be no more contract labor in the prison, and that the convicts will be kept busy quarrying stone, the same to be supplied to the municipalities for road making.

While all these reforms are most commendable, and in line with up-to-date ideas, would it not be well for the Provincial Government of Ontario, to take seriously into consideration the question of utilizing all prison labor upon the highways of the province? At the moment there is not a single highway leading out of Toronto fit to drive over. In summer these roads are fetlock deep in dust and now they are fetlock deep in mud. It is a sorry spectacle, and one of which we should be very much ashamed. To-day the farmers throughout Ontario, and throughout the Dominion for that matter, are working under a very heavy handicap owing to poor roads. It is costing them easily three times as much as it should to move a ton of freight, the comparison being made with European roads and the better grade of highways in the United States.

In Canada we are working under the handicap of great distances and a comparatively sparsely settled community, which to my mind makes it all the more necessary that we should utilize upon the highways the labor which lies easily within our grasp. Hon. W. J. Hanna, Provincial Secretary, who has given these prison reforms his personal attention, states that in the Central Prison a gymnasium will be provided for the physically deficient. Good steady manual labor may be recommended as a cure for most of these deficiencies. It's really wonderful how a pick and shovel will take the curves out of a spinal column and develop the muscles of the arms and shoulders.

In many of the States in the American Union a great and good work is being done in road building, the labor employed being entirely the output of the prisons. In Colorado, New Mexico and Wyoming such labor is being used to construct a great highway which will, when completed, run through the three States; while the States of Washington, Oregon, North Carolina and Georgia also employ convict gangs upon their highways.

In the State of Washington at the moment convict gangs are being utilized to construct an extremely difficult highway, and there it is shown that these men, who would otherwise be a burden on the State, are doing work which would cost a sum equal to $4.03 per man per day if let out by contract to the lowest tenderer.

As a rule, these convicts wear no prison garb upon their road work, and are given a certain amount of latitude. After eight hours hard labor on the roads, they are allowed some form of mild enjoyment, such, for instance, as card playing. At nine o'clock sharp they are ordered to turn in, and early in the morning are hard at it again. Seldom, if ever, has there been any trouble, and half a dozen guards have been found sufficient to take care of a large gang of these convict workers.

I cannot conceive why any Provincial Government should be so short-sighted as to not take advantage of this now dormant labor market. If the project involved taking bread and butter out of the mouths of honest men, it would be different. On the contrary, however, the work to which these convicts could be put is now left entirely undone. The farmer wants more and better roads, and so does the city man. A proper utilization of convict labor would not only relieve the taxpayers of a portion of their present burden, but would allow us to extend our highway system in a manner that is now unknown and undreamed of in Canada.

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NOW that Mr. Johnson and Mr. Jeffries have signed articles to fight somewhere, sometime, added to the fact that the Dominion Parliament will shortly open its doors, we are at least confident that for months to come there will be no dearth of subjects in the daily papers.

In the Ottawa House the one topic above all others which will allow scope for the Parliamentary gabsmiths will be Canada's budding navy. Mr. R. L. Borden, leader of the Opposition, backed by Mr. George E. Foster, also of the Opposition, have apparently swallowed Admiral Brodeur's navy, and that without mastication. There is every reason to believe, however, that a very strong opposition to the "toy navy" plan has arisen. In the farming communities and in the Northwest there are unmistakable signs of opposition, while in the Province of Quebec there is a very general demand for a plebiscite before the country becomes actually involved in an expensive naval scheme.

Of course, we have not as yet been given the details. Just how much is to be appropriated for the purpose is not known, and probably never will be known, for once the country gets started creating naval shipyards, granting subsidies to prospective steel makers, building sea coast fortresses where war vessels may lie in safety, amply protecting coaling bases with other fortresses, building drydocks (the one thing actually necessary whether we are to have a navy or not), together with the thousand and one contributing factors, we will probably find that a second National Transcontinental would seem like a toy in price in comparison.

There is no good reason to presume that we can build up a navy more economically than can the United States. Over there I recall one instance where many millions, —fifty if I remember rightly—were expended on a navy yard that up to the present has never turned out a single vessel, while the entire United States fleet, comparing it with that of England, ton per ton and vessel per vessel, easily costs a third more than have the British ships.

A naval expert, favoring the building of a Canadian navy, points out that light cruisers, torpedo boats and submarines are the things for Canada to build, and so far as I am able to learn this in a general way is the plan favored by the Ottawa authorities. Granting this to be the proper method to pursue, a series of strong sea fortifications, not one or two, but half a dozen, will unquestionably be necessary to take care of these vessels; give them a port of refuge against storms or a more powerful enemy, as well as a base for coal and general supplies. War vessels without a convenient fortified base, and more particularly small vessels, are as helpless as so many ducks with broken wings.

It is by no means my desire to disparage the idea of Canada doing her part in maintaining her British connection. We owe a duty to Britain, and that duty as I see it is to come up with the cash. Let us pay our way in Dreadnoughts. Fifty millions will look small to us when we come to a final settlement for our own home-made navy, and fifty millions contributed to Britain's naval funds would do wonders just now in helping out the British taxpayer, who has too long been carrying our burden for us.

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CITIZENS generally, and particularly those who were once real boys themselves, will naturally give college students a good deal of latitude, but the gross offences perpetrated by gangs of student ruffians of the University of Toronto on Saturday evening last should not be overlooked by either the police department or the Faculty. The centre around which these student hoodlums gravitated on Saturday evening was the gymnasium, where a *bal poudre* was being given by the Alumnae Association. Men were assaulted, young girls on their way to the ball were maltreated, the attire of the men blackened and destroyed, carriages and automobiles were held up, at least one chauffeur was badly hurt, and one lady so frightened by the assault upon her escort that she fainted.

In all probability some two hundred students took part in the regrettable performance, and it would be well had one hundred of them been landed in the police stations and the other half in the hospitals.

It is to be hoped that President Falconer's investigation will unearth the offenders, and that they will, for the credit of the University and of Toronto, be summarily dealt with.

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THE people of the United States refuse to be reformed. Judging from the election returns of last Tuesday, the fact is self-evident. In New York city William J. Gaynor, the Tammany candidate for Mayor, was elected by a plurality of 70,000 over the next highest candidate, Bannard, who stood for clean municipal government. In Philadelphia, where, of all places, municipal mismanagement takes precedence, the reformer was beaten at the polls. So it was in San Francisco, and in Buffalo, and in a dozen other large centres of population. In Cleveland, Tom L. Johnson was beaten by his opponent, Baehr, by a majority of some 1,500. The lesson to be learned in this instance is that a great public servant must not seek rewards upon this earth. If there is a man alive to-day in the United States who should have been kindly dealt with by his people, that man is Tom Johnson of Cleveland. But the great public is fickle. For many years Tom Johnson gave all there was in him to his city and to his state, and this was no trifle, for Johnson is a big man in every sense of the word. Cleveland is to-day one of the most attractive and progressive cities on the Continent. Its parks, its boulevards, its public buildings, its public service speak for themselves, and the father of it all was Tom Johnson. He asks for another term as Mayor in which to round out his plans, and he is beaten at the polls by a comparatively unknown and untried German-American.

"What is worth? Ask deathbeds—they can tell."

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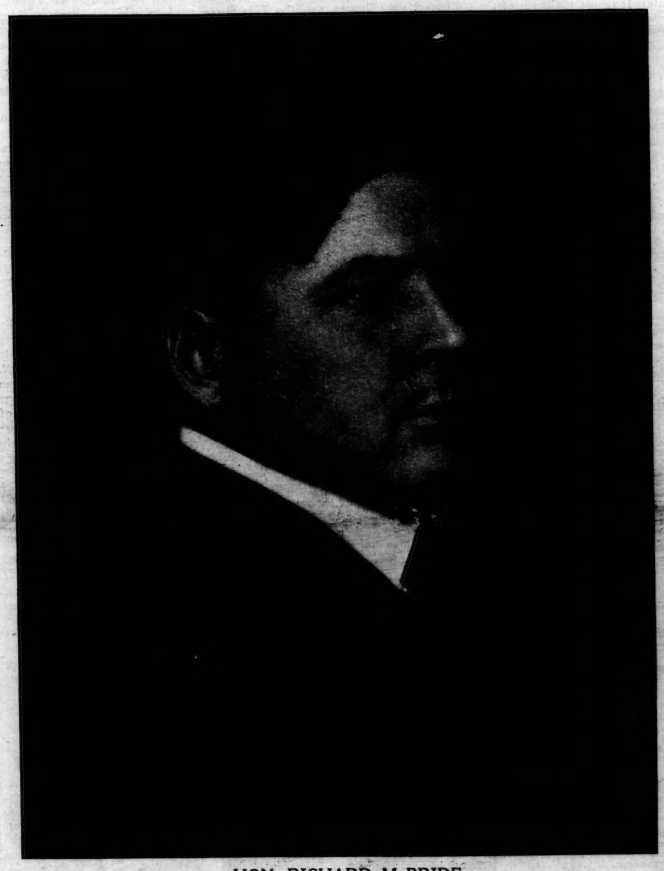
THE Supreme Court of Austria declares that cremation is opposed to Christian [illegible], and has pronounced the burning of the human body an illegal act within its jurisdiction. It is presumable, however, that in spite of Austria's Supreme Court, cremation will continue to gain in popularity throughout the more modern countries.



HON. RICHARD McBRIDE,
Premier of British Columbia, who has gone to the country on the Railway Subsidy issue.

The practice of cremation, which was almost universal among enlightened communities in the early days, became extinct in the western world during the dark ages, a period in history when a dominant religion did what it could to crush out individualism, thought, science, and whatever else was not in strict accord with the ideas of the early church. Long before cremation became general among the Romans, it was practised by the Jews, while the Hindus have for untold ages accorded their dead this privilege. The right to cremate is a question which sways between old religious observances on the one hand and sanitation and cleaner living on the other. The practice of cremation in modern Europe was first stopped and has since been prevented in great measure by the doctrine of the resurrection of the body; partly also by the notion that the Christian's body was redeemed and purified. Science has shown, however, that burning merely produces quickly what putrefaction takes a long time to accomplish. Physicians and men of science have for a generation urged cremation, but the stamping out of ancient ideas and prejudices has been a slow process, particularly in the old world. Over here, however, we have done better. Throughout New England cremation has become quite a commonplace method of disposing of the human body, while here in Canada the practice is also gaining ground rapidly. Montreal's beautiful crematory, mainly the gift of Sir William MacDonald, is now very largely utilized not only by Montrealers, but by people from all sections of Canada and from nearby points in the United States.

The injustice of Austria's action lies in the fact that not only does their Supreme Court interfere with the natural rights of citizens, but they also impound modern ideas on sanitation and health. Austria is back where it started a good many hundreds of years ago.

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THE question of a man's right to insure his goods and chattels in a company foreign to Canada, that is in an insurance corporation which has neither a corporate being in the Dominion, nor a license to do business here, will, in all probability, again come before the House of Commons the pending session.

The present law prohibits unlicensed companies doing business in Canada, but this has so far been interpreted to mean that Canadian manufacturers and merchants may go out of the country to get insurance so long as the policy is not written in Canada. The bill introduced in the House last session absolutely prohibited this, for if passed it would not have allowed inspectors of these foreign unlicensed companies to make inspections in Canada. Very naturally the Canadian Manufacturers' Association fought the Act, as they are the chief transgressors in the matter, insuring as they do very largely in companies known as New England mutuals, which are able, owing to specializing, to give rates far below those quoted by any of the Canadian or foreign companies licensed to do business in Canada.

So strenuous was the objection of Canadian manufacturers to the measure that an amendment was suggested providing for a fifteen per cent. tax on all premiums paid on such insurance. To a moderate tax on premiums on this class of insurance no one, I believe, would object, but utter prohibition, or a tax so high that it will virtually amount to the same thing, seems to me to be an undue interference with the rights and privileges of the citizen. If I have the right to seek the markets of the world for goods, I also have the right to secure my insurance, life or fire, where and when I please, provided that the company in which I insure pays a fair and equitable tax, in line with the general policy that the Government must have funds for its maintenance, to obtain which it taxes my imports.

It looks very much as if the Ottawa House, goaded on by those who would firmly establish the insurance trust, desire to take undue liberties with the rights of the subject.

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IT is many years since Canadian shipping has suffered such a loss of life as it experienced the other day when the Donaldson Liner, Hestia, crashed on the ledges of Grand Manon Island in the Bay of Fundy. Out of a crew of forty men, thirty-four are known to have perished. Six men, including the third officer, the second engineer and four seamen, chose to remain on board the shattered steamship rather than trust their lives to fragile life-boats, and only they are left to tell the story.

The experience of these six men, who from choice stood by the steamship in place of trusting themselves to life boats, has been duplicated times without number in the marine history of the world. Time after time life-boats have been filled with people and launched, to be heard from no more in this world, but the few who have cast their lot with the wreck have been rescued. In this case it is highly probable that not a life would have been lost had the crew remained by the Hestia. It would seem that the times are many when sticking to the wreck, hard on the rocks though she may be and fast breaking up, is far preferable to taking a place in a life boat, no matter how well found the little craft may be.

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IT seems to me that there is now in England a tendency to crowd the mourners a bit in matters concerning Canada. While at all times we desire judicious publicity, there are occasions when it appears to be a trifle overdone. I have before me a copy of The Canadian Mail, volume I., No. 23. It is an eight page sheet, printed in London, and devoted to the "latest financial news from Canada and other countries of interest to British investors."

It devotes its first page to financial items concerning Canada, running the gamut from Montreal to Vancouver. It is well written and as entertaining as most papers devoted to finance. So far so good. On page eight, however, prominently located in the midst of stock quotations is a big thermometer, across the top of which are the words "Canadian Pacific," and at the bottom is the catch line: "Watch it rise; it will reach the top this year." In the place of degrees the figures 150 to 200 are utilized, while an index finger points out the rise in C.P.R. stock from 150 in March, 1908, to 194 and a fraction on Oct. 5, 1909. It is a direct invitation for the reader to go into Canadian Pacific stock with the idea that said reader will be able to realize a handsome profit before the turn of the year.

For all I know, or for that matter for all anyone knows, the stock may go to two hundred before the turn of the year; and then again it may not. The pernicious point in this flamboyant advertising is that it interests, not the hardened speculator or the shrewd investor—they both know better—but men and women who have little or no experience in stock deals. The ones likely to be caught with this sweetened morsel are the ones who have no right in the first place to speculate, and, secondly, have no money which they can afford to lose.

It is hardly necessary for me to explain that there is no intention, either implied or direct, of throwing cold water on Canadian Pacific stock as an investment. We all know what it is, but I very much doubt if there is an official connected with the company or a director on the board who would approve of this sort of a speculative landing net with its implied promise that a given profit on an investment in C.P.R. stock will be made by a given date. It savors too much of the old bucket shop "hand-outs" to meet with the commendation of even the most ardent believer in the future possibilities of the Canadian Pacific Railway.

W. H. Pearson, who for fifty-five years was connected with the Consumers Gas Company.

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UNDER the heading of "The Charitable Landlord," a man who now resides at Galt, Ont., and who was formerly a resident in an English rural district, writes to TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT. The letter is interesting in as much as it gives an intimate view of England's landlordism as it exists at the moment, and that from the side of one who should know it best—the under-dog in the fray.

"I don't think any of the farm laboring class in England," says the letter, "want landlord charity. What they do want is a fair day's wage for a fair day's work. So-called charity has brought them to what they are. Many good workmen in Berkshire, Buckinghamshire, and Hampshire are working for from twelve to fifteen shillings a week. They pay back from two and one-half shillings to five shillings for the rent of the cottages, which are for the most part hovels; two bedrooms, a living room and a kitchen, with a garden not more than twenty by forty feet.

"How would a Canadian like to dress and rear a family on that amount?" asks the writer. He then goes on to state that these wages are current within forty miles of London, and that the farther back into the country one gets the lower the scale.

Touching upon the working day, my correspondent points out that they were up at five in the morning. "Breakfast under the hedge," he says, "work till six, with an hour for dinner, and then after supper clean and bed down the horses." All this for the lordly sum of $2.50 per week.

"The children these men are rearing, have often," concludes my correspondent, "to go two or three miles to a school. What the farm laborer of England wants is not charity from the landlord, but a square deal."

Two dollars and fifty cents a week for the labor of a grown man, while untold millions are being wasted and thrown away on wanton follies in London each year! England's industrial problems certainly do need overhauling.

THE COLONEL.

"Black Coat" Contributes to Rebate Controversy.

To the Editor, Toronto Saturday Night:

Your discussion re clerical rebates has been interesting to me, for I hate the custom with all my soul. Yet my experience is that clergymen receive very few favors and are subject to constant requests. To satisfy myself as to the real state of affairs, I have lately kept an exact account of all discounts received and all expenses paid out of my own pocket in virtue of my position. In no case have I asked for a discount. In several cases I have been forced to refuse to contribute from lack of funds.

Discounts or Rebates.

On one pair of suspenders	$0.05
On one necktie	.05
On subscription to newspaper	.50
On stationery	.15
Complimentary ticket to banquet	.50
On twenty meals out	5.00
On old shoes half-soled and heeled	.15
Total	$6.40

Incidental Clerical Expenses.

Entertainment of church officials and visitors	$6.00
Telegrams announcing deaths	1.50
Salvation Army	2.00
Associated Charities	3.00
Local Veto Campaign Fund	30.00
Loan to ploun penitent who vamoosed	2.00
Two meals for sick Englishman	.50
Travelling and hotel expenses in church work	17.00
Meals for a drunk who had swallowed his bank account	1.00
Three missionary teas	3.00
Baseball team	1.00
Total	$67.00

My salary is $120 per month. On account of the smallness of my income I cannot afford to be as generous as I ought to be and would like to be. I am glad that you started this discussion for it has led me to keep tab on my expenses and has taught me that I must retrench in my expenditure. The above are actual figures and force the conclusion that I am an "easy mark." Yet I may as well leave town if once the suspicion goes abroad that I am a tight-wad. When I get money enough saved up I hope to have the joy of a co-spender, but fortunately so far no affinity is waiting for the distant day.

But there are some compensations. Two boys whom I have helped, rent an attic for $6.00 a month, cook their own meals of oatmeal porridge three times a day, and this week brought me enough money to send to Scotland, for their two little sisters, 8 and 10 years of age. They have to come steerage and I am getting a friend in Quebec to have a lunch basket packed for their journey westward in a colonist car. Any trouble I have taken is more than repaid by the nobility and heroism of those two boys, who are only 14 and 16 years of age. So pity the poverty and parsimony of the preacher if you will, continue to think that when he collects second-hand clothes for destitute children he is not doing a man's job, but know also that he has joys that you know not of and is contented in his humble task. At least I am.

Kindly do not mention my name or town, for I expect to have to raise a loan shortly and do not want my financial credit to be impaired by this record of compulsory prodigality.

Yours very sincerely,
A WESTERN BLACK-COAT.

Christian Science Controversy.

Editor Saturday Night:

Sir,—A correspondent in your last issue states that "the Christian Science Church is facing a serious crisis in its government," because it has been found necessary to discipline certain members of one of the New York branch churches for violating the by-laws of the Mother Church. In common with organizations of all kinds, secular and religious, the Christian Science Church is governed by its by-laws, which are subscribed to by all who join the church, and members who disobey these by-laws are disciplined accordingly; and to speak of such a case as a "serious crisis" is to attach far too much importance to it. It will not affect the Church in general, except to strengthen it.

Mrs. Eddy's letter to Mrs. Stetson contained the following: "Arise from this temptation produced by animal magnetism upon yourself, allowing your students to deify you and me." Your correspondent made the word "deify" read "defy," thus completely changing the meaning, as will be at once seen. Mrs. Eddy's warning against personal worship and personal deification is absolutely in line with all of her teachings and with the practice of all loyal Christian Scientists.

Thanking you for permission to make these corrections, I remain, yours very truly, C. R. MUNRO.

Toronto, Nov. 2, 1909.

Recollections of a Brantford Old-Timer.

IN a very handsome special issue of The Brantford Expositor Mr. George H. Wilkes, who claims to be the oldest native citizen of the Telephone City, recalls some interesting incidents in the early history of that progressive manufacturing centre, and of the portion of Ontario which it now serves as a distributing point. Mr. Wilkes took an active part in solving the pioneer railway problems of the district. The Buffalo & Lake Huron road was constructed in 1854, running from Buffalo to Brantford and Goderich. Mr. Wilkes is authority for the statement that while it has never been made clear, he always understood that Buffalo put $400,000 into the road. This is a point of some importance in that it throws an interesting side-light on the abiding faith which the Bison City must have had in railway connections as a means to creating trade. Later the road was sold to the Grand Trunk. Mr. Wilkes was one of the committee which got through connections with the latter road at Harrisburg.

Another road with which Mr. Wilkes was identified was the Tillsonburg road, of which he was president. In this connection he relates an interesting incident regarding the turning of the first sod on the road, when Lord Dufferin visited the city. The distinguished visitor was brought to Brantford by Hon. George Brown for the purpose of inspecting Bow Park, which the latter owned at the time. The people of Brantford felt that the visit should be suitably marked in some way, and so devised plans of entertainment. It was arranged that Lady Dufferin, who accompanied the Governor-General, should preside at the laying of the arch at the Young Ladies' College building, then in the course of erection, while Lord Dufferin should turn the first sod of the projected line to Tillsonburg. The road was pretty much in the air, but the ceremonies were gone through with all solemnity, Mr. Wilkes, as president of the company, reading the customary address, the gathering being held around temporary stands which had been erected in the vicinity of the present site of Massey-Harris Company. Mr. Wilkes was not very enthusiastic. "All the time I was reading that address," he observed recently, "I was inwardly thinking the road would never be built, and wondering what sort of a joke people would have on me in the future." Some time later it took exactly $21 for renewal stamps on the charter for the road. However, the scheme resulted much more favorably than expected, and the incident of the turning of the first sod is recalled with no small satisfaction on the part of those intimately associated with the venture. This line was later acquired by the Great Western, and ultimately became part of the Grand Trunk System.

Married Women and Their Names.

CLUB women in Chicago and New York have been discussing how much use a wife should make of her husband's name. Shall she be Mrs. Mary Smith Jones or Mrs. John Jones? Nearly all the club women say she should be Mary Smith Jones.

That is, says F. S. Martin in Life, all an interesting matter, and he proceeds to discuss it as follows: When Mary Smith and John Jones form their matrimonial partnership, John Jones becomes the firm name. That is matter of convenience. The firm is Mr. and Mrs. John Jones. The firm name is printed on the visiting cards of the firm, if any are used, and is properly employed in all concerns in which the partners as a firm engage. So "Mr. and Mrs. John Jones" invite you to dinner, to the christening of their baby, or the marriage of their daughter.

But Mary Smith is still as much Mary Smith as she ever was. Her individuality has not been merged into that of John Jones, and should not be. In everything in which she acts as an individual and not as a partner she should use her own name. When she signs a deed or a check, writes a book, goes on the stage, addresses the voters, transacts business on her individual account and not for the firm, she is not "Mrs. John Jones," but "Mary Smith Jones." That is the only name she should ever append to any piece of writing. When she has occasion to describe herself or sign herself as "Mrs. John Jones" she should do it in the third person. "Mrs. John Jones wants you to please send home her groceries" is right, but "Please send home my groceries. (Signed) Mrs. John Jones," is wrong.

"Mrs. John Jones" as the author of a book is absurd. John didn't write the book: Mary wrote it. If they both wrote it, they should appear on its title page as "John and Mary Jones."

When a woman goes on the stage in her husband's name, as various actresses have done, it is not only an impropriety, but so great an injustice to the husband that he ought to have legal means to prevent his name being so used.

Married women should start right in this matter. If they once begin to use their husbands' names in their personal and individual concerns they come quickly to be known, in so far as they are known at all, by their husbands' names, and not by their own. Once that happens it is hard to undo it.

Mrs. O. C. Edwards, of Macleod, Alberta, has compiled a book showing the legal status of women in Canada. One injustice to which Mrs. Edwards calls attention is that according to the laws of Canada the father owns the child and decides as to its education, religion, domicile, etc. The consent of the father alone is required in regard to the marriage of a minor daughter. In one case in the province of Quebec, according to Mrs. Edwards, a father gave his twelve-year-old daughter as a wife to a comrade of his who was over forty.

The United States government is going into the hotel business, having agreed, through its insular branch in the Philippines, to take $300,000 at par of the bonds to provide money for a new hotel at Manila, which with its working capital is to represent an investment of $450,000. This leads an American exchange to ask: "When the Philippines have a centennial, or some other big celebration, will the insular government put up its hotel rates on the visiting public?"

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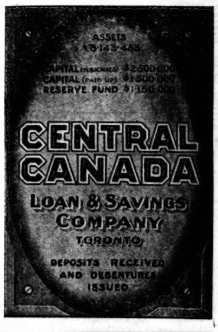

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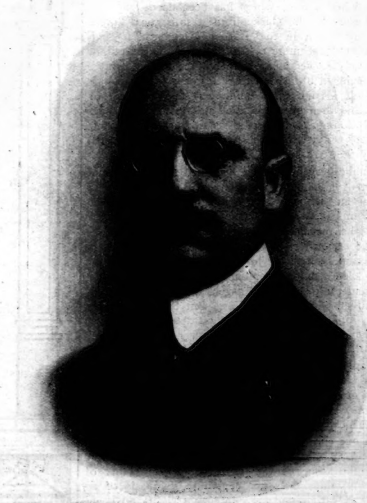
FINANCIAL

TORONTO MONTREAL

MONTREAL, Nov. 3, 1909.

OVER a game of bridge, one night back in 1906, a conversation occurred between Major George W. Stephens, D. Lorne McGibbon, Alex. Pringle and Shirley Ogilvie which has had much to do with the future of all four men as well as with Industrial Canada. D. Lorne McGibbon, so the story goes, introduced the subject of the possibility of engineering a consolidation of the various rubber companies of Canada—for the good of the country, of course, but incidentally for the small margin of profit there might be left for the engineers. Up to this time George W. Stephens had taken little or no direct interest in industrial affairs. He was a millionaire and had always paid attention to his business, which was that of managing his own estate and that of his father, the late George Washington Stephens, who for many long years was one of the strongest personalities of Montreal. Lorne McGibbon was a man of considerable experience in industrial matters, but up to that time had not begun that flight in the rarified millionaire air which has since become so spectacular. McGibbon's suggestion, however, appealed to Stephens as a good one. Ogilvie and Pringle, too, thought well of it, so they gave McGibbon a free hand. McGibbon played the hand and won the rubber.



Major George W. Stephens, the man who headed the Rubber Merger.

***

The Rubber Crowd.—This marked George W. Stephens' entry into industrial circles, in a large way; and it marked Lorne D. McGibbon's entry into the front row of finance. It also marked the solidification of an industrial and financial group, known as the "Rubber Crowd," which has since stuck together and made money and more or less fame. What happened in the work of consolidating the different rubber companies, is more or less known to all. The Canadian Rubber Co., of Montreal; The Granby Rubber Co., of Granby, Que.; and the Maple Leaf Co., of Port Dalhousie, Ont., were formed into the Canadian Consolidated Rubber Co., of Montreal, having an authorized capital of $2,000,000 preferred stock and $3,000,000 common, most of which was issued. The new concern, also, purchased the entire capital stock of the Berlin Rubber Manufacturing Co. and Merchants Rubber Co., of Berlin, Ont. The total assets of the three companies entering the consolidation amounted to $5,356,635, the liabilities being $779,211, leaving net surplus assets over liabilities of $4,577,424. The new company was also authorized to issue $2,600,000—which it did. Showing how successful this company has been, it is only necessary to say that the combined average annual net earnings of the three companies, for the three years preceding the merger, were $391,527, whereas the earnings of the companies in the consolidation, in 1908, were no less than $806,675. During the present and coming years, they will probably be much greater.

***

In a Row. These, however, are the sort of details which may be learned from an arithmetic. Of more interest was the fact that a row developed between the "Rubber Crowd" and Mr. S. H. C. Miner, who had hitherto been the Rubber King and who, as one of the principal interests, was the first president of the Consolidation. Whatever the rights and wrongs, McGibbon and his crowd obtained control of the much-despised common stock and fixed up some kind of a deal with a group of Americans, whereby all hands stood to make a nice pot. Miner resented the act and, when his time was fulfilled, dropped out of the presidency. Throughout, Miner retained his liking for Stephens, and pressed him to demand the presidency. The head office, however, went to McGibbon. Possibly he had control; probably, also, he and Stephens understood each other. At any rate, it does not appear that Stephens ever tried to get the office or in any way resisted McGibbon's accession.

***

A Hall Mark. There is something about George W. Stephens that impresses one and, to no small extent, inspires confidence. He was not overshadowed by his father, although his father was one of the big men of Montreal and a bit of a fighter. George, junior, is not only son of George, senior, but a man with a distinct personality and a following of his own. You do not have to be long in Montreal before you learn that. People do not expect to find him on the prospectus of a flim-flam proposition, but, on the contrary, look upon his name as something in the nature of a hall mark. So, when it was learned that he had gone into the Rubber Co., they looked for the company to be pretty straight and above board, to say the least; and when it was announced, the other day, that he had accepted an appointment on the board of La Rose, he brought with him all the added weight of success in Rubber. In fact, it is interesting to recall that, in the matter of La Rose, the "Rubber Crowd" is acting in unison and accord, Lorne McGibbon being president and the others being all on the board, as in the case of Rubber. However, what first attracted people's attention to Stephens was that, although he had the misfortune of being born abominably rich, he yet toiled and spun—not too hard, you know, but enough to show that he took a decent, clean interest in life. He stood for election for the Quebec Government, and was elected, as everyone knew would be the case, and he could be sitting in those legislative halls to-day only he hasn't time. This brings us to his biggest work.

***

G. W. S.—His Job. There used to be a nice five or ten-dollar-a-meeting job, in Montreal. You had to be something or other, and then they made you a Harbor Commissioner, and you were licensed to go and sit around the big, oval table and obstruct the progress of the Harbor. When the newspapers ran into the doldrums, they could always get "hot copy" from a meeting of the Commissioners. It got so bad, in the end, that the Commissioners held their meetings behind closed doors in order to deprive the citizens of their customary enjoyment. Then the Government stepped in and abolished the board with its dozen sage members and appointed three men to go and do something. Who do you suppose is chairman of that board? Why, "George," of course. T. R. Drummond, a man whose business experience thoroughly fitted him for the job, when approached regarding it, is said to have promptly remarked: "Stephens is the very man for the job." When the announcement was made, Montreal said: "Sure, Stephens is the man." And he is. If you doubt it, just go and take a look at the harbor. In his thoroughgoing way, Stephens visited all the principal ports of Europe, made a study of them, and as a result of this and his experience of the past year, there are not many things about harbors and their equipment that he doesn't understand the value of.

***

True Fish Story.—In his old office on St. Elexis street, were the stuffed remains of two or three magnificent red trout. They measured about 23 inches from head to tail, I think. It is a matter of record, I am assured, that all were caught on one cast. I asked G. W. S. one day if he had caught them. He hesitated, and I could see that the inward struggle that is supposed to go on within a man during fish-catching recitals was going on within him. His better nature conquered—those record-breaking fish were caught by someone else, and I would never have known it.

T. C. A.

TORONTO, November 4th.

PEOPLE born and bred in Toronto should be, in the mass, intelligent beyond those who have lived and wrought in other centres of population. Here is an unrivalled school system that leads unavoidably to a discriminating perusal of the daily newspapers, keeping all abreast of the times, and yet, with such advantages, few are those whose point of view carries them far beyond the confines of their own environment. This fact was irresistibly impressed upon the writer when, the other day, an old friend of his blew into the city after a lively circle around a number of Western centres. Out there apparently developments go forward with a rush that would leave the average easterner, after the enterprise had been wholly completed, in a contemplation of the preliminary details. To raise a huge fabric of industrial productivity is apparently only the work of a few months. While others, more slow thinking and less impulsive, have been counting the cost, lo! the wheels are in motion and the output is fairly started to an awaiting market. Some such picture as this was brought to mind when, in this instance, the announcement was made that the United States Steel Corporation had all its plans laid for the creation of a twenty-five million dollar plant in the vicinity of Duluth.

***

Speculators were Ignored It is not so very long ago that a security known as Duluth-Superior, representative of the Duluth-Superior Traction Company, was listed on the Toronto Stock Exchange. At the time little was known of the potentialities of this enterprise belonging to those other twin-cities at the head of our inland chain of lakes. People were aware that Duluth was a great grain shipping centre but beyond that imagination ceased to project any impressive realities. Since then, however, this security has acted in a manner which led even the uninitiated to recognize that the investing element were taking hold; that speculative mauraulers were being rigorously eschewed. And those who took hold at the outset have not had cause to regret their departure. Each week along have come reports of earnings wholly satisfactory to the shareholders. And apparently the swing is sufficiently strong to carry large increases much farther. It will be remembered by those who follow the market that, in the statement of Mr. C. G. Goodrich, the president of the company, which was published last July in connection with the flotation of fifteen thousand common shares, an explanation was given for the falling off in earnings in 1908 to $121,656.67 as compared with a total of $189,636.03 in the year 1907.

***

Net profits were Unduly large Mr. Gooderich pointed out that during 1906 and 1907 the number of cars operated by the company became more and more inadequate for the growing traffic, but he added that inasmuch as the steam power generated by the company's own plant

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was almost entirely used during rush hours, with a diminishing margin of safety, it was thought wise not to increase the number of cars until water power, to be supplied by the Great Northern Power Company, and for which the Duluth-Superior Company had contracted, should be available for the uses for which it had been designed. "The citizens," Mr. Gooderich went on to say, "were patient under the circumstances, and the net profits of the company were unduly large. After receiving power from the new source in September, 1907, the company put on a number of new cars, increasing operating expenses proportionately. This happened to be coincident with an increase in wages, amounting to nearly $30,000 and an increase in accident damages of about $25,000." Subsequently, Mr. Gooderich affirms, prosperous conditions in the two cities brought the surplus profits to a basis practically equal to those of 1907.

***

Virility of the Property.

Those who have studied the situation claim that the basis is even much more substantial for the reason that the company now not only fully occupies its territory but is well-equipped from the standpoint of its roadbed, the character and number of its cars and the source of its power supply. Earnings since last July would serve to prove that such a contention is not wide of the mark. The gross earnings in September increased 13.31 per cent. with an operating increase of 5.03 per cent. and a net revenue increase of 20.68 per cent. Owing to the special conditions during 1908, to which allusion has already been made, the surplus for September shows the very large increase over the same month last year of 50.29 per cent. The figures since the first of the present year to September 30th show increases in gross of 10.45 per cent., in operating expense of 6.9 per ct., in net revenue of 15.89 per cent. and in surplus of the common stock of 44.52 per cent. The record of the gross earning for the past four years—including an estimate for the last three months of 1909 on the same basis of increase as realized for the first nine months—serves to show the virility of the property, running as it does from $768,874 in 1906 to $983,781 in the current year.

***

Torontonians much Interested.

But while the rate of progress shown would seem to indicate that the present dividend rate of four per cent. can be readily maintained, now comes the advent of the United States Steel Corporation to cast a glamour over the future. Certainly there would appear to be no good reason why the shares in this company should not appreciate with more than ordinary rapidity. Already the corporation in question is authoritatively stated to have expended over $1,300,000 in securing a site, building a bridge and making plans at West Duluth for an immense plant expected in time to reach an output only second to that of their works at Gary, which, of course, are the largest in the world. From another source it is understood that actual construction is likely to start in the spring. The ultimate expenditure, as planned, according to sworn testimony of United States Steel Corporation officials before a committee of the Minnesota Legislature, is to be $25,000,000. It is expected that, in the course of a very few years, these works will employ ten thousand people, and, as the plant is to be only three miles west of the westerly track of the Duluth-Superior Company in Duluth, it is easy to see what a bearing this huge enterprise will have upon the future of a company in which various Toronto people are already closely interested.

***

R. and O's Wider Sphere of Influence.

With the practical close of business on the Great Lakes not so much attention is being given in Stock Exchange circles to the navigation stocks. These have latterly fallen into comparative neglect. All save that of the Richelieu and Ontario Company! During the present week rumor has been busy regarding the excellence of its earnings for the present season and the opportunities that will offer for a repetition in the next. It is said that all the indications serve to show that the company in question has experienced for the past few months possibly the best earnings in its annals, its general traffic having been greatly in excess of any previous season. The new steamer, "The City of Rochester," is now finally completed, and will be placed in commission so soon as navigation opens in the coming spring. With it the company purposes creating a traffic on the south shore of Lake Ontario similar to that which it now obtains from ports on the north shore; and there are those who look for a still wider sphere of influence for the company, extending perhaps to the upper lakes, so that in the end, instead of operating merely between Niagara and the Sea, passengers may yet be carried from the head of the upper lakes to tidewater under the one management.

***

Mr. Mann is Mildly Surprised.

Mr. D. D. Mann, who, along with his coadjutor, Mr. William Mackenzie, has given to the Canadian Northern Railway a wide expanse of roadbed in various portions of the Dominion, is back in the city after a most successful trip to British Columbia. While away, Mr. Mann was able to induce the Government of that province to promise considerable assistance toward the construction of branch lines, and an election is now being fought out to determine whether the people approve or disapprove of the nature and extent of that assistance. Mr. Mann is naturally grieved to think that any proposition he might broach should become the subject of cavil on the part of persons who are merely tax-payers, and has pointed out that so small a matter as a large subsidy to his company ought never to have been made the storm centre of political controversy. Nevertheless, Mr. Mann's little arrangement with Premier McBride impelled the withdrawal of two members of the latter's cabinet, and at the disgruntled ones is now being hurled the accusation of being too friendly with the Canadian Pacific. Along also comes Mr. William Wainwright, of the Grand Trunk Pacific, who professes deep chagrin that he and his associates should not have been allowed an opportunity to give the province a really good system of branch lines. Most of the time Mr. Wainwright is nothing if not diplomatic, but on this occasion he could not refrain from giving the Canadian Northern an upper-cut by intimating that anyhow their project was only "a paper railway."

***

Genesis of a Great Railroad.

Someone, in making a biographical reference, has had the temerity to intimate that at school Mr. Mann was a dunce. But if so, he has gotten grandly over the handicap. Doubtless young Mann was like a great many others who afterwards became famous—he had the brains, but he disliked the trammels of those very hard wooden benches that are the characteristic of country schools even to the present day. Mann determined to choose his own career, and in doing so ultimately became, on the authority of no less a personage than another distinguished fellow-Canadian, James J. Hill, the best railroad builder in the world. William Mackenzie is a necromancer when it comes to raising funds (he can make the stolid Britisher enjoy the process of parting with his coin); but when the money is to be applied in a proper way—in the construction of a roadbed that will survive even the expiration of the bonds—Mann is the one who yields the magic wand. At the rate of a mile of track every day for thirteen years, the Canadian Northern has grown from its beginnings as a small sixty-mile line in the wilds of New Ontario—starting nowhere and ending at the same place—until now it has close upon seven thousand miles of track touching almost every important point in Canada.

INVESTOR.

More on the Cobalt Fakir.

A MINE goes on the stock market because the owners feel that they can make more out of the public than they can take out of the portion of the mother earth they own; therefore is is hard to see how the public can figure on getting the better of the promoter. In the case of low grade mines, such as the great gold mines of the Transvaal or the copper mines of Butte or Michigan, a vast amount of money must be expended before a dividend is available, but Cobalt is a poor man's camp. Where the silver is found it pays from the grass roots down. A half inch vein of typical Cobalt ore will pay its own development; why, then, does the promoter of a Cobalt mine require aid from the public.

Again, when a mine which has been opened up and developed goes on the market it is a safe guess "there is something rotten in the State of Denmark." Then the public buys the mine on its past record, the output that is already stowed away in the coffers of the owners. It's like buying a broken down race horse with a couple of heats left in him. The mine may pay a couple of dividends and then quit, but the La Rose and Nipissing mines, the Coniagas, etc., would require to keep up their present rate of disbursement twenty years to be worth the money they are selling at.

The public hereabouts have been lied to so much that the report of a new strike receives little attention, but Cobalt has had associated with it a bunch of liars who were not only extremely daring but really high-class fakirs. It has been the custom of these people to manipulate one issue after another. A little over two years ago it became necessary to keep one mine afloat or rather to keep a market for one particular stock. They fished round the property till a vein was found, as innocent of silver as a corner loafer. But the press began reporting high class ore being extracted—"a carload will soon be ready to ship," etc. For months this was kept up till a small recurrence of the boom took place.

To manipulate stock, as a general thing, the public must be given some report to advance or depress the issue. Ore shipments are the base of prolonged manipulation, as a new strike is a basis of a three day flurry. As a consequence, great quantities of macadamizing rock has gone out consigned as ore and appearing as ore in the weekly shipment returns. There is such a wide range in the value of Cobalt ore that the number of tons a mine ships does not constitute the basis of an estimate. A car of one may not pay freight and treatment charges or it may yield $100,000.

More recently in Cobalt history the public has demanded that the favorite mines have concentrators. So several mines are erecting concentrators.

This phase of the Cobalt boom reminds one of the old War Eagle mine in Rossland. The War Eagle during its popularity built a gallows frame on the side of Red Mountain, the second largest in the world. This gallows frame was photographed and its picture printed far and wide; it was toasted at banquets. Only in the mighty Rand was it excelled; surely there must be vast quantities of ore beneath to require such a mighty hoisting gear. So reasoned the public. The management installed therein a mighty hoisting gear, so mighty that when in motion it could be heard three miles away. It was an electric hoist and gained distinction by running away and killing four men. Great medicine!

The writer was once asked by a bank manager, his opinion of a Cobalt mining stock. He reported the mine to be no good. "Thought so," said the banker, "a chore woman came into my office to draw out her savings to buy it. I told her to leave it alone, but she would not; she had read the advertisement." So when the world hears of so and so making a pile out of Cobalt he should ponder whether the money came out of the ground or of such as the poor chore woman.

It only requires a memory and careful reading of the subsidized press to see that somebody is lying. Round about last June it was given out that the La Rose mine had sold its dump for $300,000. About two months later the report was given out that the mine had entered into a contract with a contractor for the reduction of this dump. The question arises: how could they treat for a dump they had already sold?

To show the dishonesty of the Cobalt news service it is only necessary to draw attention to an item given out immediately on the taking over of the Lawson by the La Rose. Blatant headlines reported that the La Rose management had begun drifting from the old Silver Leaf shaft to develop the "Silver Sidewalk." Nothing more was ever heard of this and now comes the report that work in the Lawson has quit. If the newspapers have the public interest at heart why do they not state that the La Rose failed to connect? For three years the press has been filled with reports of "new strikes," etc., but never, hardly ever, has there been the report of a pay streak lost.

For three years members of our business world have placed themselves on the directorates of mining companies, lending their credit and reputations to the promotion, without due care or consideration, and yet they hold their place in the business world. Once, indeed, the Canadian Mining Journal brought Frank Law to trial and he went down for five years. It remained for that comparatively small journal to take action; where is the Attorney General and those who are supposed to look after fakirs? No person believes that Frank Law is the only guilty one. There are others.

COBALT.

Few capitals of the world are so well equipped with statutes of public men as Paris. A conservative estimate places their number at considerably in excess of 1,000.

The Field Museum in Chicago claims to have the largest meteorite in the world. It weighs over two tons and was found at Tonopah, Nevada.

BANK OF HAMILTON

Dividend Notice

Notice is hereby given, that a Dividend on the Capital Stock of the Bank of Two and one-half per cent. (being at the rate of ten per cent. per annum) for the quarter ending 30th November, has this day been declared, and that the same will be payable at the Bank and its branches, on and after 1st December next.

The transfer books will be closed from the 23rd to the 30th November, both inclusive.
By order of the Board,

J. TURNBULL, Gen. Mgr.

Hamilton, 18th Oct., 1909.

1854

THE HOME BANK OF CANADA

QUARTERLY DIVIDEND.

Notice is hereby given that a Dividend at the rate of SIX PER CENT. PER ANNUM upon the paid-up capital stock of the Home Bank of Canada has been declared for the THREE MONTHS ending 30th November, 1909, and the same will be payable at its Head Office and Branches on and after Wednesday, the 1st day of December next. The transfer books will be closed from the 15th to the 30th November, both days inclusive.

By order of the Board.
JAMES MASON,
General Manager.
Toronto, October 21st, 1909.

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GAS & ELECTRIC FIXTURES
THE JAMES MORRISON BRASS MFG. CO. LIMITED
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You are invited to call and inspect our goods for comparison on prices.

FOR formal—and all other occasions—the glove that is correct in style should be chosen.

FOWNES GLOVES

are ALWAYS correct, and are well made besides.
There is no substitute for Fownes Gloves, any more than there is a substitute for good manners or good taste.

Never sold under any other name than Fownes.

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For comfort loving people

"CEETEE" Underclothing always fits perfectly, being **knit** (not cut and sewn) to the form from the finest imported yarns (spun from Australian Merino Wool.) It has no rough seams, and is guaranteed against shrinking.

All sizes for men, women and children. Ask your dealer to show you "CEETEE" Underclothing. Fully guaranteed by us.

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GALT, ONTARIO
1871 Manufacturers - Established 1859

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Potter's "Specials" in Optical Lanterns

Gives very complete satisfaction, and there is no equal Lantern value for $60.00. Apparatus and slides on hire.

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C. B. PETRY, Proprietor

Some daily care your Teeth must have.
BY first dipping your tooth-brush into a tin of
CALVERT'S
Carbolic Tooth Powder
the cleaning is made more complete and satisfactory.
The use of this popular dentifrice ensures a real antiseptic cleansing, helps the toothbrush to do its work easily, thoroughly, and pleasantly, and thus assists your efforts to preserve the teeth in the best possible condition
15c. at your Druggists. For sample send 2c. stamp. F. C. Calvert & Co., 349 Dorchester Street West, Montreal.

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find in their practice that PRESCRIPTIONS filled at our store always produce the results sought for.
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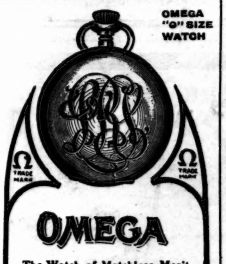
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Price Each, Fitted in Cases (including Monogram Engraving):
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THE PUREST ON THE MARKET. READY IN A FEW SECONDS. SAVES TIME AND TROUBLE. TRY IT
Of all Grocers & Stores.

"The Cigarette of Distinction"
Craven
A blend of high-grade Turkish, other Oriental and American Tobaccos; sufficient of each to give a distinct exquisite flavor obtained in no other cigarette.
Ten for 15 cents

LONDON, OCTOBER 23, 1909.

THE opening by His Majesty of the new Royal Tuberculosis Institute in Montreal, by means of the simple touching of a button, has given the biggest city in Canada a good deal of advertising this week. All the newspapers have devoted much space to the affair, describing the process, and mentioning the interest aroused in Montreal by the event.

It is always a satisfaction to his loyal subjects in London to have the King within reach, and the sight of the Royal Standard fluttering over Buckingham Palace gives the passers-by the feeling that things are stirring a bit. Next week the Queen and Princess Victoria, accompanied by the Queen of Norway and Prince Olaf, arrive from the Continent, and will be seen constantly in public. The Royal ladies drive a good deal and visit picture galleries and places of that sort. They are also great theatre-goers, as are all the Royal family, and one sees constantly in the morning paper that the King and Queen or Prince and Princess of Wales were present at such-and-such a play. There are plenty to choose from just now, as the theatrical season is in full swing. I mentioned "The Follies" some time ago.. No one coming over to London now should miss seeing Mr. Pelissier and his clever company in their new "potted plays," "The Whip," a take-off of the melodrama at Drury Lane, and "The Fires of Fate." Both are screamingly funny, but then everything The Follies take in hand is funny and clever.

"The Great Divide," which came from the United States with a record of a thousand performances, is coming off to-night after a few weeks' run. The difference in the taste of the English and American critics and audiences is very marked, and "The Great Divide" was not the kind of thing to take here. For one thing it dealt with a life quite unfamiliar to the average English person, and with a type, or rather types, equally unlike what the British audiences were accustomed to. For another thing English audiences are pretty good critics of a play, without being carried away by the acting to the extent of passing over bad construction, improbability and other faults. As to the accusation sometimes brought against the British public that American plays and players have no chance here, it is absurd and unjust. Many of both have been and are most successful, but it is useless for theatrical people from the other side to try to change the tastes of the British public by forcing upon them such purely local pieces as "The College Widow" for example.

* * *

TWO of the newest plays are "Don" at the Haymarket, dealing with a rather improbable Sir Galahad sort of young man, and "The Little Damozel," in which Charles Hawtrey made a hit on the opening night. "The Woman in the Case" is still going strong, but Sir Arthur Pinero's play "Mid-channel" is to be taken off in a few days. All the seats for "The Dollar Princess" are booked up to Christmas—perhaps "all" is too much to say, but a great many—and "Our Miss Gibbs" at The Gaiety seems likely to have as long a run as some of the other Gaiety successes. "False Gods," Tree's striking and impressive production, is to be taken off early in November. The thoughtful people saw in the piece a great and solemn lesson, but the kind of person who adores musical comedy voted it "a rotten show," so there you are, you see!

* * *

AMONG the interests of the day is the coming bye-election in Bermondsey; which is being hotly contested by Unionists, Socialists and Radical-Socialists. The two latter parties are naturally fighting hard against a Tariff Reform success, and as the Radical-Socialist majority at the last general election was 1,759, the Tariff Reformers are straining every nerve to win. Both men and women are working morning, noon and night, addressing meetings and talking to possible voters; Bermondsey is having more fame than usually falls to the lot of this rather unattractive part of the great city. Mr. Spencer Leigh Hughes, the brilliant Liberal journalist, is said to have no chance against Dr. Salter, the out-and-out Socialist, for Mr. Hughes "only threatens to kick the Lords; Dr. Salter promises to give them all prussic acid!"

Another great interest is the big aviation meetings being held at the present time, but most likely Canadians are well informed on this topic. Latham's great flight at Blackpool, the finest flight of the meeting, has created a sensation.

* * *

ONTARIO people would glow with pride could they see the magnificent peaches displayed in some of the great stores, above which appear a legend telling that these are grown in the open in Ontario, and are the first peaches to be brought from Ontario to England. The Emigration Office and the C.P.R. office also display Ontario peaches, which are the wonder and admiration of all who see them. In the Army and Navy Stores the other day the manager was kept busy answering enquiries from curious customers, who expressed much interest in the fact that this beautiful fruit was grown out of doors in Canada. The peaches are sold for sixpence each, after passing through several hands from the time they are taken from the trees until they reach the London dinner-tables.

* * *

NELSON'S famous signal was reproduced all over the British Empire on Thursday, and thousands of flags flew in honor of Trafalgar Day. Crowds all day long passed around Nelson's Monument in Trafalgar Square, admiring the splendid tributes which had arrived from the various branches of the Navy League as well as from other organizations. The base was buried in green, and great ropes of laurel were twined about the monument. The lions which guard Nelson day and night looked a trifle undignified with wreaths around their necks, tied with red, white and blue ribbons. In fact they caused the more frivolous to recall the pictures of Dr. Cook being banquetted at Copenhagen, but this is irrelevant.

One beautiful anchor bore a card with the inscription: "To the memory of Nelson, from the Daughters of the Empire, Canada." A handsome wreath was from St. George's Society, Ottawa, and a piece, of rather original design, came from the Victoria and Esquimalt branch of the Navy League. Big wreaths bore the significant motto, or rather reminder: "Lest we Forget"; and one of the most imposing offerings testified to "Respect and Homage to the gallant sailors of France and Spain, who fell fighting at Trafalgar, 21st October, 1805, from the Navy League. Hong Kong sent an offering, and so did Tasmania, while from Wellington, New Zealand, came a wreath of native flowers, frozen in a big block of ice. One anchor attracted much attention; it was sent by a lady whose grandfather, Signal-Midshipman William Murley, helped to run up the signal which will be famous, most likely, as long as the British Empire exists.

At any anniversary of this kind one is struck by the enterprise of the people who get up souvenirs. All Trafalgar Day and the two days following men and women hawkers have been selling not only picture cards bearing in every possible way upon the subject of Nelson and the great fight, but pictures of the signal itself, in the proper colors, and copies of The Times of the date in 1805, wherein appeared the account of the battle. Of course the old "Victory" is not neglected, and post cards views of her are obtainable also.

* * *

LADY MARY PERCY, one of the several daughters of the Duke and Duchess of Northumberland, and the first of the family to marry, was married the other day to Captain Maxwell, son of Sir Herbert Maxwell, at the famous fashionable church of St. Peter's, Eaton Square. Despite the fact that some of the great people of the Kingdom were present the wedding was a simple affair. There were no barriers to keep back the humble ones interested in the doings of their betters. No policemen interfered with the people who wanted to see the sweet young bride and the various smart people. Their own sense of what was proper kept the sight-seers from pressing where they were not wanted, and as many as possible formed a little aisle on each side of the porch, and stood at the door to see the carriages take up their burdens and gazed unmolested at dukes and duchesses. Some of us share the feeling of the small girl who was told all about the grandeur of the King and Queen, and then taken to see them drive past from opening an hospital. She wept and refused to be comforted.

"Oh, Mummy," she wailed, "is that all? They're just people, the same as us!"

The bride might have been the daughter of a country vicar so far as simplicity and sweetness went, and her father and mother received the congratulations of their friends while they waited in the porch for their carriage with the smiling satisfaction of other fathers and mothers in similar circumstances. Mr. Lloyd George should not be so hard on dukes; they are on the whole quite as decent and human as the rest of the world.

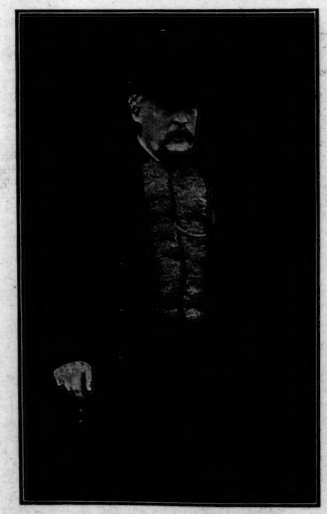
This particular duke, as many people know, is one of the prominent men. His ancestors have been helping to make history ever since one of them became in favour with William the Conqueror, and went to the Crusades. The present Duchess is a sister of the Duke of Argyll, and one of the more exclusive and less modern of the great ladies.

A feature of the wedding, quite unrehearsed, was the behavior of a small flower-girl. When it came time to walk into church in the bridal procession she refused to move, and in the end the procession went on without her, and she had a happy half hour or so playing games in the porch with her "Nana," as the English children call their nurses.

* * *

MUCH water has flowed under the London Bridge since the Duke of Argyll, as Marquis of Lorne, was Governor-General of Canada, and those who remember him in days of yore will hardly recognize him in this portrait of an elderly gentleman. The Duke enjoys his life as a country gentleman in Scotland immensely, but has many hobbies and interests to occupy him when he is in London. Just now he is preparing a book which is to be published shortly, "Intimate Society Letters of the Eighteenth Century." Letters from the Duchess of Brunswick, sister of George III., Madame de Stael, and other prominent people to the Duke's predecessors will appear in the book.

M. E. MACL. M.


THE DUKE OF ARGYLL.
A recent photograph of His Grace, who as the Marquis of Lorne was a popular Governor-General of Canada.

Electric power is used on 3,286 miles of street railways in Great Britain to 148 miles operated by other means.

Although the steamship is a century old there are still more than 66,000 sailing vessels on the high seas.

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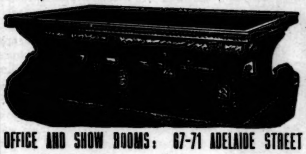
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Garments for Women
Each garment is cut to pattern and carefully made. There is a perfect fit for you — see it at your dealer's. We've prepared a little booklet, showing some of the "GALTFLEECE" styles, which we will send on request.

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HOUSEHOLD LINENS From the Least Expensive to the Finest in the World
Which, being woven by Hand, wear longer and retain the Rich, Satin appearance to the last. By obtaining direct, all intermediate profits are saved, and the cost is no more than that usually charged for common power-loom goods.
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IRISH DAMASK TABLE LINEN Fish Napkins, 94c. per doz. Dinner Napkins, $1.56 doz. Table Cloths, 2 yards square, 94c.; 2½ yards by 3 yards, $1.90 each. Kitchen Table Cloths, 23c. each. Strong Huckaback Towels, $1.23 per doz. Monograms, Initials, etc., woven or embroidered. (Special attention to Club, Hotel or Mess Orders.)
MATCHLESS SHIRTS With 4-fold fronts and cuffs, and bodies of fine longcloth, $8.52 per half doz. (To measure 43c. extra.) New designs in our special Indiana Gauze Oxford and Unshrinkable Flannels for the season. Old Shirts made good as new, with good materials in Neckbands, Cuffs and Fronts, for $2.36 the half-doz.
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IRISH COLLARS AND CUFFS Collars—Gentlemen's, 4-fold, all newest shapes from $1.18 per doz. Cuffs—For Gentlemen, from $1.64 doz. "Surplice Makers to Westminster Abbey" and the Cathedrals and Churches of the United Kingdom. "Their Irish Linen Collars, Cuffs, Shirts, etc., have the merits of excellence and cheapness."—Court Circular.
IRISH UNDERCLOTHING A luxury now within the reach of all ladies. Chemises, trimmed Embroidery, 56c.; Nightdresses, 94c.; Combinations, $1.08; India or Colonial Outfits, $52.68; Bridal Trousseaux, $22.04; Infants' Layettes, $15.00. (Send for list.)
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Slip on and off easy as an old coat—hold their looks longer—launder better—more style and smartness to them. Try this made-right negligee coat shirt and you'll never go back to the over-the-head kind. In all good patterns and right fabrics. Ask for the brand—red label—look for the script letters.

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to ceiling we undertake the treatment of every part of the room. We will make and lay your oak floor, design and make your furniture, embroider your curtains and decorate your walls and ceilings. And all at strictly moderate charges. Your inquiry will be promptly answered.

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Ladies' Costumes made to suit each figure. Individuality Assured. In the latest modes. Also Evening Wraps.

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Halifax Shredded Codfish
(JUST A DISHFUL IN IT.)

With a ten cent package you can make a tasty fish-ball breakfast, enough for the whole family

ASK YOUR GROCER.

SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

A NUMBER of people are going to Ottawa for the Opening and Drawingroom next week, the last to be held by Their Excellencies Lord and Lady Grey.

Mrs. George McMurrich, 105 Madison ave., is giving a tea this afternoon to present her debutante, Miss Gladys McMurrich, to her friends.

Mrs. Charles Palmer, *nee* Sheppard, held her post nuptial reception on Thursday, at her residence in Parkdale. Mrs. Palmer wore her wedding gown, and her maid of honor, Miss Tough, and bridesmaids, Miss Rogers, of Peterboro, and Miss Irene Phelan, wore their pretty gowns of lilac and pink respectively, with large black velvet plumed hats. The tea table was done with yellow 'mums, and the same flowers with russet 'mums, pink roses, Beauty roses and other blooms decorated the whole house which was thrown open from top to bottom for the admiring inspection of the visitors.

Mrs. Gibson's first reception at Government House last Thursday was such a unanimous turnout of visitors that Government House was blocked and the most strenuous efforts were needed to keep one's place in the throng and have any chance of being presented. In addition to the crowd surging in, there was a small but determined contingent aiming to get out, and a number of people waiting for friends to arrive, and blocking the small entrance most inconsiderately. But everyone seemed most good natured and when at last one passed beyond the big doors and faced the house party it was like sailing into a snug harbor after perils on the high seas. Mrs. Gibson met the ordeal of handshaking bravely, although she was tired out at its close, and in her quiet black gown with *gilet* of soft white lace and plain coiffure, looked, as she always does, the embodiment of kindliness and gentle dignity. Her daughter helped in the drawing rooms and Major Macdonald and Captain Douglas Young did noble service in looking after as many visitors as possible, though in that huge gathering almost everyone was expected to do for themselves. There were dozens of excited debutantes, with their parents or chaperones, for it takes almost as many to look after a debutante as to take a baby to the circus. Old friends and new faces, Hamilton and Toronto folk, politicians and parsons, officers and civic daddies, with a vast shoal of big hats, ospreys after your other eye, and all the pretties of the latest nightmare of fashion. Gallons of tea and coffee and hundreds of sandwiches were served in the ball-room and when the last moment of allotted time had passed, there was still a solid mass of men and women gathered about the registers on the hall table. It was a record turnout.

Mrs. Winston Churchill, the handsome wife of the British Cabinet Minister.

Mrs. Spain will spend the winter with her mother, Mrs. W. T. Murray, and will receive with her this month

Mrs. Ewan Cameron, 12 Madison apartments, held her post nuptial reception yesterday.

A very hearty welcome from a great many of their old friends was given to the bride and groom, Dr. and Mrs. Trow, last Saturday afternoon at the reception arranged in their honor by Mrs. Elmore Hawke. Dr. and Mrs. Hawke have recently settled in their dainty new home in Wellesley street, just west of the old Aikins homestead, and everything was very spic and span there on Saturday. A particularly genial and heartsome spirit pervaded the atmosphere and the bride and groom responded to the congratulations showered upon them with smiles that assured everyone of their happiness. Mrs. Hawke received in the drawing room with the guests of honor on her right, and Dr. Hawke was everywhere looking after the guests, the assistants in the tea-room included Mrs. A. E. Trow, Miss Matthews, sister of the bride, Mrs. Malone and Mrs. Anderson. The floral decoration of the house and table was carried out in yellow 'mums.

Hon. Senator Melvin-Jones has returned from Edmonton.

Mrs. Andrew Darling left on Tuesday night for a visit of a month to her parents in New York.

The engagement is announced of Miss Owen, Sheen Lodge, Richmond Park, Surrey, daughter of the late William Owen, of His Majesty's Foreign Office, and grand-daughter of Sir Frederick Owen, the famous archæologist, to John Frederick Boyle Vandeleur, son of Col. Vandeleur, of His Majesty's Imperial Army. Mr. Vandeleur is well known in Toronto, where he has resided for several years, being senior partner of the firm of Vendeleur & Nichols, engineers.

Miss Lillian Burns will be with her sister, Miss Burns, at 7 Harbord street, until Xmas. It is some years since Miss Burns, who will be remembered for her charming readings, has spent any time in Toronto, and her many friends are busy welcoming her back.

Mrs. W. D. Otter has arrived from England, and is occupying Miss Leys' house in Cottingham street.

A very quiet wedding took place at St. Andrew's church, Grimsby, on Tuesday morning, when Miss Madeline, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. Evelyn Denison, Grimsby, was married by the Rev. J. Allen Ballard, to Mr. Wallace Goldring, Penticton, near Lakelands. The bride, who wore her travelling dress, was attended by her sister, Miss Dorothy, and the groomsman was Mr. F. S. Mackenzie, late 27th Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers. Immediately after the ceremony, the happy couple left for Quebec, when they sailed on the S.S. Lake Manitoba for England, and will spend the winter with Mr. Goldring's relatives in Sussex.

The engagement is announced of Miss Helen Mary, daughter of Mr. James Albro Hall, Sheriff of Peterborough, to Mr. Fuller Baird Greenleese, son of Mr. George W. Greenleese, of Montreal. The marriage will take place quietly on November 17.

Dr. Grenfell came down from the Labrador by the "Home" to Bay of Islands, Newfoundland, last month, and passed on to Chicago last week, where his marriage to Miss Anna Cauldwell McLanagan takes place on Nov. 17.

While the debutantes were having a merry time at luncheon on Wednesday, the Royal Hungarian band came into the Turkish room and played a Csardas for them, delighting the girls immensely with the sweet weird Magyar music.

Miss Margaret Keyes is coming to Toronto for a brief visit next week and will give a song recital in Conservatory Hall, on Nov. 11. Miss Keyes will be the guest of Mrs. and Miss Brouse.

Mrs. D. D. Mann will receive next Friday and Saturday at Fallingbrook, Kingston road. Mrs. Crossthwaite will receive with her sister.

Mrs. Arthur Spragge gave a pleasant tea on Thursday, and a "bridge" yesterday afternoon.

Mrs. Blaikie gave a tea on Tuesday for her granddaughter, Miss Marjory Wallace.

Some of the out of town debutantes who are enjoying their first season in Toronto are: Miss Pringle, a niece of Mrs. Fred. Plumb; Miss Rathbun, who arrived in town this week; Miss Frances Gardiner, a niece of Mrs. Keele and Mrs. Henry Williamson; Miss Josephine Fletcher, who is with her aunt, Mrs. Garratt, and Miss Ailie Stuart, who is with her grandmother, Mrs. Michie.

The Hallowe'en *danse poudree* given by University College Alumnae Association in the Gymnasium last Saturday night was attended by a very jolly party, and Mrs. Falconer was kind enough to receive with Miss Florence Sheridan, the president. The bright young faces of the girl-students, smiling, and framed in mock grey locks, the pretty gowns and gallant cavaliers, the holiday spirit of the hour shown in the quaint decorations of pumpkins, autumn foliage and witch silhouettes, made everything go famously. It is to be regretted that the pranks of Hallowe'en celebration should have marred the finish of so pleasant an event, but the real occurrences have been somewhat exaggerated by rumors, and while unpleasant and startling, were nothing worse. President Falconer looked in for a time during the dance.

Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Campbell announce the engagement of their daughter, Inez Florence, to Dr. William Anderson Dalrymple. The marriage will take place in December.

The engagement of Miss Gertrude Elmsley and Mr. Shepley Charles Warner, of England, is announced. Their marriage will take place in London early next month. Miss Elmsley is the second daughter of Mr. Remy Elmsley, of Barnstable, and Mr. Warner is the eldest son of the late John R. Warner, of Agra, India. Miss Gertrude Elmsley has been for some years one of the belles of the smart set in Toronto, and has as many charms of mind and disposition as of face.

Mrs. Folingsby is giving a tea next Wednesday afternoon.

Major Cayley, R.A., is visiting relatives in Toronto.

Last Saturday Mrs. Draper Dobie gave a young folks' tea for Miss Dobie, of Thessalon. On Tuesday, Miss Florence Blaikie gave a tea for young folks in honor of her niece, Miss Marjorie Wallace, a debutante.

On Friday, October 30, Mrs. Cecil Lee, 64 Madison avenue, gave a tea for the debut of her only child, Miss Violet Lee, who is a very bright and popular girl. Miss Lee wore a soft crepe de soie gown of palest blue, and carried a huge boquet of yellow orchids and lily of the valley. Other boquets sent to her in celebration of her coming out were arranged about the drawing room. The dainty tea-table in the dining room was done with yellow 'mums, and Mrs. Gooderham and Mrs. Corley were presiding over the tea and coffee urns. Miss Gladys McMurrich, Miss Elf Bowes, Miss Dorothy Massey, sister debutante of Miss Lee, Miss Vicars of Uxbridge, and Miss Marjorie Macdonald waited on the guests.

Atherly was the rendezvous of many of Mrs. Somerville's friends on Monday, her first day at home since the family returned from a long stay on the West Coast. Many congratulations on Mr. Somerville's improved health were offered by the callers, and all are glad to see Mrs. and Miss Evelyn Somerville home again.

The calling season has fairly set in, but until the real cold weather closes the golf links, there will be ardent devotees of the game who simply won't stay in town to receive or pay visits.

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There are two things you need in your home—one is a bar of *Infants' Delight Soap* and the other is a box of *Infants' Delight Talcum Powder.* For this soap is unlike the ordinary. We go thousands of miles to the Orient for pure cocoanut oil and bring olive oil from the famous gardens of France. Then they are filtered and boiled after which they go through our secret milling process. Crushed under a weight of thirty tons and passed through heavy granite rollers, the soap comes out in miles of silky ribbons and is pressed into cakes. So you see we give you the best we know—it is simply perfect soap. Ask your dealer for a cake—it's ten cents everywhere.

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Infants' Delight Talcum Powder is just what its name suggests—a delightful powder for the baby. The delicate skin of baby is easily irritated by perspiration, but where talcum powder is dusted on smoothly it leaves a delightful sensation of coolness. The perfume is one that baby will like too—it has the delicate fragrance of roses. There is no better powder to use after bathing or shaving. Antiseptic and borated it softens and preserves the skin. Ask your dealer for a box today—twenty-five cents a package.

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FALL JEWELRY BUYING

The question of your fall Jewelry requirements is oft-times a troublesome one, to say nothing of the numerous Wedding and Xmas Gifts which you must necessarily purchase, these taking form of some beautiful article in Cut-Glass, Silverware or Cutlery.

For to keep you posted, and for your convenience, we have published a book about Jewelry, Silverware, Cut-Glass, etc.

This book is most complete, showing direct photographs, with full descriptions and prices of the new and exclusive designs and creations in Solid Gold Jewelry, Diamond Pendants, Pearl-Set Brooches, Pins, Necklets, in fact everything for Lady's or Gent's requirements from a Collar Button up. Handsome Gold Watches; some in Silver. An immense showing of fine Cut-Glass, Silverware, Flatware and Cutlery. Correct information as to the etiquette of Wedding Stationery is also given; full information of the birth stones, in fact this book is a complete and modern Jewelry Store in your home.

A copy of this interesting book may be had Free for the Asking, and the mentioning of this paper. As the edition is limited, you had best send for one at once. It costs you but the asking. Write to-day.

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Serve delicious Ice Cream, Sodas, Sundaes, Parfaits, Hot Beef Tea, Clam Broth and Hot Bouillons.

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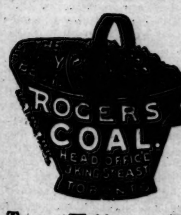

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SOCIETY

MR. CLIFFORD BROWN left for the West last week to be best man at the Henslaw-Morden wedding on Nov. 17.

Mrs. George Macphail Clark, *nee* Kathleen Flood, will receive for the first time since her marriage, on Monday and Tuesday, November 8 and 9, at 87 Crescent road, and afterwards on the 1st Monday and Tuesday of the month.

The stork has brought a baby girl to beautiful Mrs. Frederick N. Beardmore (*nee* Gzowski), of Montreal.

Mrs. G. H. Clarkson is giving a dance in the Metropolitan Assembly Rooms on Thursday, Nov. 18, at 8.30 o'clock.

Mrs. W. J. Moodey and Miss Lillian Moodey give an At-Home on Wednesday, Nov. 10, from 4 to 6, at 40 North Sherbourne street.

Hon. Mr. Phippen and Mrs. Phippen left on Monday for a visit of two weeks to Winnipeg.

Next Tuesday evening in Association Hall, Edward Howard Griggs will give the first of a course of nine Shakespeare lectures. Those who have heard this lecture cannot praise him enough. The redecoration and improved lighting of Association Hall is noted.

A great many events are being arranged for young people, and luncheons, teas, dinners and dances are becoming quite numerous.

Mrs. J. G. Carroll, 162 St. George street, receives next Tuesday. Mrs. Harold Wilkinson will receive with her mother, Mrs. C. E. Foster, 1 Linden street, for the first time since her marriage, on the afternoon of November 11. Mrs. Allan Adams, *nee* Norris, will hold her post-nuptial reception next Monday afternoon and evening, at 335 Jarvis street.

Mr. and Mrs. Arnoldi have taken a flat in the Traders Bank building.

Mrs. Vincent Greene has spent a delightful summer and fall abroad, and will, I believe, be home for Christmas.

Mr. and Mrs. G. R. R. Cockburn went to their house in St. George street on Wednesday.

Mr. Albert Nordheimer, Mr. and Mrs. Vankoughnet, Mrs. and Miss Schonberger, Mrs. George Biggar, Miss Sydney Tully, Mr. and Miss Strickland, Mrs. and Miss Morrison, Mr. Percy Manning, Mr. and Mrs. Britton Osler, Mr. and Mrs. Arnoldi, Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Warren, went to Lakefield on Wednesday for the Tate-Le Fevre wedding.

Captain Newton was up from Ottawa last week, and was among the callers at Government House on Thursday.

The Charity Ball came off with due *eclat* on Thursday night at the Prince George, which was *en fete* for the occasion. The mischievous rumor that the floor of the *salle de danse* was not safe, was immediately contradicted by architects and experts, who pronounced the building wonderfully solid and strong. The chaperones and non-dancing men had cosy rooms for bridge, and I shall have a long list of beauties to mention next week. There is to be a "tea hour" in the bright lounge of the Prince George, where everything is so bright and fresh, and it will be very convenient for the matinee crowds from the Princess and the Alexandra.

The 48th Highlanders had a grand prize-night at the Armouries last Friday, and the Q.O.R. had a similar blow-out on Wednesday, evening. Lots of smart people always take an interest in these regimental festivities and enjoy seeing the regiments, and disposing of the dainties in the officers' mess rooms afterwards.

Mrs. Kirchoffer is visiting Mrs. Manderville Merritt, and is looking as charming and vivacious as ever.

"This is the wrong train." "Excuse me, conductor. I did not mean to step on your train. Very careless of me."—Philadelphia Ledger.

NEW QUARTERS OF THE GERHARD HEINTZMAN COMPANY ARE THE FINEST IN CANADA.

Salon and Suite of Rooms for Display of Instruments in All Styles of Exquisite Decoration.

A few months ago this institution was able to secure a site at 41-43 Queen street west, just west of the James street extension.

Completeness, indeed, has been the aim, and to that end the firm has abandoned the usual custom of devoting a portion of its premises to teachers' studios and to a general recital hall.

When one enters the establishment the air of richness and refinement at once impresses itself upon the visitor, and it is safe to say that many a casual caller will linger longer because of the exquisite surroundings in which he finds himself. The forward half of the ground floor, which is of smooth and polished hardwood throughout, is devoted to a large display room, and the rear section to the business offices of the company, which are commodious and finished in quarter-cut oak. The various details are very rich and handsome, and all the output of the factories of the firm, whose piano casings are famous for their artistic beauty.

Decorations Beautiful.

The walls are in a warm aesthetic shade of green, surmounted by graceful lunettes for mural decorations. These lunettes have been filled with woodland scenes in sepia, the whole in keeping with the general color scheme. Augmenting the general artistic effect is the ceiling, which has been moulded in truncated sections, with simple ornamentations of wreaths in the Empire style. The coloring adopted is that of rich cream throughout, which in combination with the sepia and green of the wall decorations, is exquisitely tasteful. The whole is set off with a myriad of incandescent lights, with rich fittings of brass in keeping with the general scheme, and when the lights are turned on the effect of beauty is further enhanced.

A handsome stairway, finished in oak, leads to the second floor, where a surprise awaits the visitor, for nothing like it has previously been attempted in Canada. The floor is devoted solely to the purpose of displaying instruments in appropriate and sumptuous surroundings. The forward half of this floor has been turned into a salon for the display of grand pianofortes. The decorations are of the most satisfying character. The highly polished floors and exquisitely decorated walls give an affect of rare elegance which is increased by the fact that the whole chamber is suffused with light, due to the fact that the entire northern exposure is of glass, set in quaint design. The general color scheme is of cream and rose pink. The ceiling is of dull cream, and the walls have been divided into wide arched panels, in which the background is rose color. In the centre of each panel is a floral decoration of conventionalized roses.

Suite of Special Rooms.

The rear portion of this floor is devoted to what is admittedly an innovation in this country. There is a corridor tinted in robin-egg blue, with floral designs at intervals of a most charming character. Off this corridor opens a series of small rooms for viewing pianos in exquisitely decorative surroundings.

The first of these rooms is in the Dutch style, heavily finished both as to walls and ceiling, with dark woods. On the walls a rich red background is surmounted by a deep border of quaint design and deep shades. The whole effect is that of an ideal den or a combination of library and music-room, and in it the "Mission" style of pianoforte will be seen.

The next room is finished like a drawing-room, or a boudoir, in Empire stye, and the effect is exceedingly chaste and beautiful.

Of equal interest is the "Adams" room, finished in a thoroughly modern scheme of decoration, which takes its name from the man who devised it, or, rather, evolved it from the ancient modes of design. It is in bright colors, with wall paintings of quaint and unique character. The whole scene seems to be in a sense a revival of the Pompeiian style of wall decoration.

An Exquisite Interior.

The last room of the series is in the style of Louis Quinze, and is beautiful in the extreme. The general color scheme is gold and ivory and the Watteau-like designs of the walls and ceiling delight and fascinate the visitor.

The third floor has been richly finished in dark woods, and will be devoted chiefly to the testing and display of "piano-players."

For the convenience of those who want to try over certain music a sound-proof room has been provided at one end.

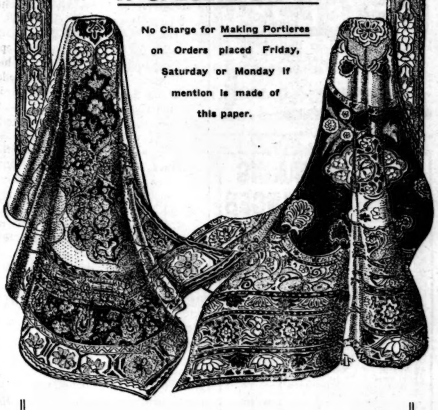
The two upper floors will be utilized in making the new premises absolutely complete in themselves. One entire floor will be utilized for storing reserve stock, and the fifth floor, which is finely lighted from the top with skylights, will be a most complete repair department.

HENRY WOODRUFF
In "The Prince of To-night," at the Grand next week.

Portiere Curtain Time

A SPECIAL OFFER

No Charge for Making Portieres on Orders placed Friday, Saturday or Monday if mention is made of this paper.



A "FREE circulation of air" in the Summer means a "cold draught" in Winter.

Bare floors and bare doors and windows in Summer time look cool. In the Winter they look more than that— they look cold.

The time has come for cosiness indoors as contrast to the forbidding dreariness of November rains and cold raw winds. You need portiere curtains in your doorways to check the draughts and give your eye a sensation of comfort.

We would like to show you a few new shades in Portiere Velours, Monk's Cloth, Hop Sack, Tapestry and Silks.

As a special inducement we will charge only for materials on any order placed for Portiere Curtains up to Monday next, if mention is made of Toronto Saturday Night.

English Hopsack, Monk's Cloth and Repps, 52-in. wide, all wool, in shades of green, red, blue, fawn and tan, per yard $1.50.

French Linen Velours with a specially close and silky pile, all the desirable colorings including new shades of brown, 50-in. wide, per yard $1.50.

Silk Velours, in the same colorings and width, per yard, $3.00.

Scotch, English, and French Tapestries, in gothic, verdure, Indian, and other designs. A particularly good assortment of coloring, 52-in. wide, per yard, $1.00 to $3.50.

French Damasks and Kent Silks, 52-in. wide, in more than a score shades of blue, rose, cream and green, per yard, $2.00.

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You don't take chances when you use any of The Princess Toilet Preparations. They have been tried and tested for seventeen years and never found wanting. You won't go astray in using
PRINCESS SKIN FOOD
to remove lines and wrinkles, and to restore and rejuvenate the complexion. Its use will make a dry, withered skin look years younger. Massage directions with each pot. Price $1.50, post-paid. Our treatments, too. They are fully described in our Booklet "G," which contains numerous hints on the care of the skin, hair, etc. Sent on request.
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the only remedy is Electrolysis. We assure satisfactory results. Moles, Warts, Birthmarks, Ruptured Veins, etc., also successfully treated.
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SOCIAL AND PERSONAL

INVITATIONS are out to the marriage of Mr. W. Grant Morden and Miss Doris Henshaw, of Vancouver. The ceremony takes place in St. Paul's church, Vancouver, on Nov. 17, at half past ten o'clock, and will be followed by a reception at 1508 Robson street, the residence of the bride's parents.

The engagement of Miss Ethel May Treble, younger daughter of the late Mr. John M. Treble, and Dr. F. Louis Barber, of Preston Springs, is announced. The marriage will be quietly celebrated in Euclid Hall, the home of Mrs. J. M. Treble, on November 23.

The marriage of Miss Mina Irene Flavelle, elder daughter of Mr. J. W. Flavelle, of Holwood, Queen's Park, and Mr. William Wallace Barrett, took place in the Sherbourne street Methodist church, on Wednesday, October 28. Rev. George Jackson, assisted by Rev. S. P. Rose, D.D., performed the ceremony. The church was beautifully decorated with Easter lilies, ferns and palms and the music was more than usually fine. Mr. Blakeley presiding at the organ and the quartette from the Central Methodist church singing. Mr. Flavelle brought in his daughter and gave her away, and she looked her best in a lovely bridal gown of white satin and silver embroideries, the veil of tulle being held by a coronet of orange blossoms and caught with a spray of bridal flowers to the train. The bridal boquet was *en cascade* and formed of lily of the valley and the jewels worn were diamonds. Miss Clara Flavelle, the bride's younger sister was maid of honor, and her cousin, Miss Edith Flavelle and Miss Valda Bonwick, all wearing exquisite blue satin gowns draped in the new mode, with trimmings and guimpes of silver, and large hats of pale blue velvet with tulle and satin trimmings and carrying Beauty roses were also attendants on the fair bride. Mr. Howard Barrett was best man. Mr. Ralph Burns, Mr. H. G. Wickens and Mr. Douglas Henderson were the ushers. Mrs. Flavelle received at Holwood after the ceremony in a handsome grey costume, touched with silver, and plumed hat to match. The bride and groom received in the palm room and everywhere there were the loveliest Beauty roses, except on the bride's table at the dejeuner, where lily of the valley and white roses were used. Mr. and Mrs. Barrett have gone to Bermuda for their honeymoon, followed by hearty good wishes from their many friends. They will reside in 77 Chestnut Park road, which cosy home is a wedding present from the bride's father. Mrs. Barrett went away in a prune travelling costume with a set of ermine, and a toque of gold tissue with plumes. The attendants at the bridal had a theatre party in the evening, when they were much admired. The wedding gifts were the usual sumptuous array which dazzles the guests at the modern wedding and causes rueful contrast to be made by old-timer brides and grooms.

Lady Eileen Knox, the younger daughter of the Earl and Countess of Ranfurly and a brilliant and popular younger member of smart society.

Miss Logan, 366 Berkeley street, has an exhibition of her summer's work in the Gatineau and Ottawa River districts this afternoon and evening from one to ten o'clock.

Mrs. Fred. Duggan it at 93 Homewood ave. for the winter.

The Strollers' Club, 70 King street east, open the season with a musical this afternoon at half past four, for which an attractive programme is arranged.

Miss Gertrude E. S. Thompson, now living in Edmonton, has written an article in this month's "Canada West," on the women of her adopted city. Miss Thompson is a daughter of Chevalier J. E. Thompson, of Toronto.

The engagement of Miss Mary E. Hay, daughter of Mr. Robert Hay and Mr. Herbert P. Ritchie, is announced and their marriage takes place this month.

Mr. and Mrs. R. E. A. Land are in their new home in Dunvegan road, but will not be settled, nor will Mrs. Land receive until January.

Good news comes from Miss Brenda Smellie, who is at present studying in Berlin, Germany, under Frau Auer Herbeck, at the Stern Conservatorium. She has settled down to a winter of hard study after a charming holiday in England and Scotland where she sung in solo at Christ church, Sunderland, St. Magne Cathedral, Kirkwall, Orkney and other places.

Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Ridout are settled in 88 St. George st., which Mr. Ridout has leased for a term of years.

Mrs. Maclachlan, 183 Carlton street, has sent out cards for a tea next Wednesday, when she will present her bright and pretty daughter, Maida.

Mrs. Crowther, of 150 St. George street, is bringing out her second daughter, Miss Lulu Crowther, this season and is giving a tea in honor of her debut next Wednesday.

Mr. G. R. R. Cockburn has taken Major Burnham's house in St. George st. for the season, and will shortly remove there with Mrs. Cockburn from the Prince George. Mrs. Cockburn has been a great sufferer from neuritis for the past three months, having been confined to her room all that time. Major Cockburn V.C., has been having some shooting in Muskoka.

Mrs. Crossthwaite, of Calgary, has come with her little sons to visit her sister, Mrs. D. D. Mann, Fallingbrooke, Kingston road. Mrs. Crossthwaite, as Ella Williams, was married some years ago from Mrs. Mann's home in St. George street and has since paid several visits to Toronto. Her sturdy little ones are fine samples of Western youth.

The party of Daughters of the Empire who went West last month are expected home next week. Their trip has been most enjoyable and successful and people have vied with one another in showing them attention and kind hospitality.

On Wednesday, at half past one o'clock, Mrs. Alfred Denison entertained some of the debutantes of 1909 at a luncheon at McConkey's. Covers were laid for fifty at a horseshoe table arranged in the Nile and Rose rooms. D'Alesandros orchestra played during the luncheon after which the merry guests adjourned to the ball room for an hour's dance. The decoration of the table was carried out in gold and pink 'mums with garlands of smilax and the place boquets were of white flowers and ferns tied with white ribbons. The effect of the huge flower-strewn table surrounded by half a hundred bright faces was extremely beautiful. The guests invited to this luncheon were: Miss Clare Denison, Miss Helen Blake, Miss Edna Reid, Miss Hilda Ingles, Miss Mabel Horrocks, Miss Frances Gardiner, Miss Hilda Murray, Miss Marion McLean, Miss Marjory Haskins, Miss Elf Bowes, Miss Elaine Machray, Miss Phyllis Moffatt, Miss Violet Edwards Miss Gladys Eastwood, Miss Junia Pringle, Miss Dorothy Clarkson, Miss Edith Wilson, Miss Clara Flavelle, Miss Marion Skinner, Miss Gladys Armstrong, Miss Lyall Strathy, Miss Maida MacLachlan, Miss Mary Walton, Miss Evelyn Reid, Miss Lily Denton, Miss Muriel Bruce, Miss Florence Peters, Miss Winnifrid Cross, Miss Josephine Fletcher, Miss Campbell-Noble Miss Kathleen Caufield, Miss Edna Cromarty, Miss Adele Gianelli, Miss Lulu Crowther, Miss Dorothy Massey, Miss Marjory Rathbun, Miss Marjory Wallace, Miss Ailie Stewart, Miss Gladys McMurrich, Miss Violet Lee, Miss Phyllis Pipon, Miss Margeurite Robins, Miss Mabel Haney, Miss Henrietta DesBrisay, Miss Jessie Webber, Miss Beverly Lambe, Miss Violet Heward, Miss Gladys Francis, Miss Nan Grant, and Miss Ondine Pangman.

The Lord Nelson Chapter I.O.D.E. will give their dance on Friday, Nov. 19, at 9 o'clock, at McConkey's. Like all the other early season dances, this one is going with a good deal of *verve*.

Mrs. Ingles, 158 St. George street, gave one of Saturday's big teas, in honor of her niece, Miss Lyons, of Aberdeen, who was greeted by a great many smart people and has already received a most favorable impression of Toronto. Mrs. Inglis received in the drawing room, and wore cream lace over satin. Miss Lyons was in dull rose crepe. The guests distributed themselves in the library and dining room where a table centred with a splendid basket of pink roses was in charge of Miss Sankey, Miss Cross and Miss Aileen Robertson. Among the guests were Lady Whitney, Mrs. Melvin-Jones, Mrs. Weston Brock, Mrs. Arthur Hills, Mrs. Richardson, Mrs. Sankey, Mrs. and Miss Kay, Mrs. J. I. Davidson, Mrs. H. D. P. Armstrong, Mrs. W. Davidson, Mrs. D. W. Alexander, Mrs. Sinclair, Mrs. Laird, Mrs. Cross, Mrs. Loudon, Mrs. McLean, Mrs. Austin and many others.

Mr. Ralph Reed, of London, England, has been spending a few days with Mr. and Mrs. Wellington Francis, 66 Lowther avenue. Mr. Reid is interested in pulp mills at Bishop's Falls, Newfoundland, where his father has secured a large timber reservation and erected a fine plant.

Mr. Hees and Mr. Ralph Hees have returned from New York, and after spending a fortnight with each of his daughters, Mr. Hees will go abroad for the winter.

On Tuesday afternoon, a gloomy enough day, several bright events were *en train*, the largest being the tea given by Mrs. Cromarty to introduce her daughter, Edna. Their artistic and roomy house, formerly the residence of Mr. E. F. B. Johnston, was a pretty sight when the tea was fairly going, heaps of beautifully gowned women and shoals of the loveliest flowers which her friends had fairly showered upon the handsome and popular debutante. Mrs. Cromarty received in the drawingroom, in a very elegant lace gown with gold embroideries, and Miss Edna wore white lace and silver mesh embroideries, both mother and daughter looking extremely well. The debutante carried an armful of flowers, orchids, roses, violets, and lily of the valley, odorous and beautiful. A cablegram from England was added to the many good wishes she received, and her winter seems sure to be a very happy one. The refreshment tables were set in two rooms and some of the season's most attractive debutantes were waiting on the guests, Miss Mabel Haney, Miss Mary Walton, Miss Violet Lee, and Miss Margeurite Robins among the number. In the evening Mrs. Cromarty gave a dance for the girls assisting and their friends, which concluded the festivity in honor of Miss Cromarty's coming out.

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THE RAG

By LEON BERTHAUT

This is a story of patriotism, published in Le Petit Journal. It is a French story, but it appeals to every man that has a country and a flag.

JEAN PORNIC, seaman in the ship commanded by Romainville, had conducted himself well. He had been a good sailor, faithful to duty. He was frank, exact, neat and willing. His officers regretted that his lack of education forbade his promotion. As he was active and quick-witted (a quality even more desirable at sea than ashore), Romainville had taken him for his personal attendant. While the ship was in the harbor of Brest, Pornic was admirable. If he was a little the worse for cider once or twice, the fact was not known to the crew. What was known was that he was obedient, faithful, and, in short, everything that a seaman ought to be.

But Romainville was ordered to a ship in the harbor of Toulon, and in a wine shop near the wharves Pornic fell under the spell of an anarchist propagandist. Sitting in the wine shop, elbows on the table, chin in hands, he listened on until, won by the fiery eloquence of the radical, he believed and felt in his inmost soul all that he heard.

His calm nature and the lack of occasion prevented an exposure of his new ideas. In the ship he was close to the commander, and the commander's indulgence gave him no excuse for revolt. But as his convictions gained strength, his manner changed and his mocking air and the strange look in his brown eyes attracted the officer's attention. Romainville attributed the man's defiant looks to consciousness of some secret business of a purely personal character; so, shutting himself in his room with Pornic, he talked as a father talks to a son of temptations and the dangers of life.

Pornic did not answer.

A little later the ship received sailing orders. The roll was called. Pornic was not there.

"I guessed aright!" thought Romainville. "He has been bewitched by a girl, and now, when I am ready to sail, he is gone!"

He held the ship and a search gang went ashore.

They found Pornic in a wine shop with three anarchists. All four were on fire with drink. Pornic cursed the navy, threatened to blow up the ship, and, aided by the anarchists, fought the seamen. The seamen sent them rolling under the tables; then they dragged their drunkard back to duty.

In the commander's office, alone with Romainville, Pornic opened his heart.

"Absent without leave? I'm a free man, ain't I? The Navy Sheep! The country? One country's as good as another! The flag? A rag! Let it go hang!"

Romainville eyed him; then, taking him by the arms he shoved him toward the door.

"Go to bed!" he said sternly. "Turn in at once! You are drunk and a man drunk is a beast. I will talk to you to-morrow."

Pornic glared. "I'll sleep here!" he said, roughly. "I like this place. What's good for you is good for me!"

Romainville spoke in a low voice. "Be still! If you are heard discipline will force me to punish you."

A flood of abuse rushed to the sailor's lips. The commander forced him to the door. At the door Pornic turned and struck the commander in the face; the blow fell just above the jaw. "If it leaves a mark," Romainville said to himself, "I can say that I ran against my door in the dark. The man is drunk; he is not responsible."

Using but little of his herculean strength, he threw the sailor, held him down with one hand and with the other opened a cupboard and took out a roll of stout webbing. With that he bound Pornic hand and foot. Then he laid him on the floor by the wall.

"Lie there," he said calmly. "Sleep off your drink. In the morning we will talk."

Morning came. Pornic was sober. Romainville set him free.

"Now, Pornic," said he, "Attention! Mark well what I say to you. This matter is between you and me. Last night, when senseless from drink, you struck me. May the Eternal Judge deal with me as I deal with you! . . . In my own country I have a brother. His eyes are like your eyes. . . . When I look at you I think of him."

In silence Pornic listened. Romainville said in a low voice: "You may go, Pornic. The ship sailed at midnight. We are on blue water. When the sea has spoken to you with all its voices, I will talk to you again."

Pornic saluted, and without a word passed from the commander's presence. Romainville said to himself, "I have ignored discipline, but before the law of Arms comes the law of Love. It was not the man that did the evil; it was the drink. He is in my hands, he is weak, I am strong. The vast solitude of the sea will bring him to himself. He will come back to me, and at the last I shall be glad that I spared him."

But the days passed and Pornic showed no signs of softening. He did his work, but his averted eyes were hard. They reached the west coast of Africa. The ship entered a harbor shut in by mountains. The day was closing, and the flag, hailed by the clarions, had fluttered down. The right light of the African sunset gave mysterious meaning to the always impressive beauty of the salute to the colors. Romainville's eyes rested on the grave faces of the seamen and his heart thrilled. Pornic saw the tears on the bronzed cheek of the sailors. His voiced sounded in suppressed mockery on the commander's ear.

"Crying like babies for that rag!"

As if he had heard nothing, Romainville entered his cabin and closed the door.

That night the commander ordered the ship's company to be ready to go ashore early in the morning to visit the graves of two sailors who, having died near the harbor, had been carried to land and given burial. Romainville held it a sacred duty to visit the graves of his countrymen and, if necessary, replace the wooden crosses habitually used by French soldiers to mark the resting place of the French dead.

The men were on deck. The ship swung at anchor, and at the masthead the colors floated against the deep blue sky. On the gray-blue sea the dawn light shivered in silver spears.

Close to the ship's rail the men stood waiting. Romainville prepared them for their solemn work. He told them how the two Frenchmen had left their homes to lie down in the shadow of the African mountain, and with grave faces the seamen listened.

The small boats danced below the ship. The men were ready. Romainville, with feet on the ladder, turned to the master of arms.

"Give that parcel to Pornic!"

Pornic, carrying the parcel, followed the commander, and the men entered the boats.

Back from the shore, in a field of ferns, where the mountain planted its feet above the sea, under a tangle of wild vines, they found the graves. The crosses planted when the men were buried had rotted and fallen. Working fast in the hot light of the rising sun, the sailors made two new crosses. When they had set them in the earth one of the men knelt, covered his face with his cap and bowed his head. One by one the seamen followed his example, until all but Pornic were on their knees.

Knee deep in the wild verdure, troubled and irresolute, the little Breton stood, looking down.

Sighing as the winds sigh, the tide lapped the shore; and away up on the mountains the eagles screamed.

Romainville gave the men time to repeat the simple prayers learned in their villages, then he took the parcel from Pornic's arms, called to the master of arms to give him the staff left in one of the boats and opened the parcel.

It was a flag, one of the flags held in reserve until needed for some unlooked for ceremonial.

"Pornic!" called the officer.

"Commander!"

"Take this flag, nail it to the staff, then set it deep in earth between those two graves.

Pornic trembled. He nailed the flag to the staff; dug deep in the ground; planted the flag and braced it with earth and stones. Romainville crossed the field, halted beneath the flag, stood for a moment with head bowed, with his cap in his crossed hands; then, calling the men to attention, he spoke:

"My children, we are in this silent place, alone with the eternal mountains and the eternal sea, to do the simplest of the soldier's duties. Here where the voice of man is never heard, two of our brothers lie, far from the land they loved; and we, whom they never knew, have come to do the work of love, of memory, of the gratitude of the country.

"We have marked these graves with the Cross, because the soldier's first duty is to respect the Nation's faith. But we must not forget that there is another duty and another faith, the faith that binds together the believer and the unbeliever—the faith of the Patriot! Love of the Country—that belongs to every one of us, and to all who come after us.

"The Country! There is no other word that means so much. It means the plot of ground where we and all who came before us were born. It means all that we remember: the

(*Concluded on page* 19.)

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The Coat shown to the left is the design of one of the foremost Parisian designers. The garment is 48 inches long, double-breasted, then sloping to a cutaway; the collar of Alaska Sable is in the form of a tie, with one end thrown over the shoulder; black silk cord and ornaments are tastefully used. Price, **$140.**

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!?-POINTS ABOUT PEOPLE.-?!

Grigg of London.

MR. E. W. M. GRIGG, Colonial Editor of The Times, London, during his visit in Toronto with Mr. J. S. Willison, has been an interesting speaker at several gatherings. On Monday evening at the Canadian Club he followed Senator Ross' comprehensive survey of the Australia constitution and spoke of the attitude of his paper upon matters pertaining to the Empire, particularly defence.

"Let me tell you," he said, "what I think is the English attitude toward war: War is no longer the sport of kings; no longer the movement of the ruling party, but war of the people. War in England is regarded in much the spirit in which modern commercialism regards insurance, a disagreeable necessity to be put aside as quickly as possible. The element that really counts in war to-day is not the force of armament, but the forethought, care and force put into the question beforehand. We feel that the battles of the future will be won, probably, long before they are fought. We hope they will never be fought, but if we secure what is best for the Empire we will do so only in the care and forethought we give to the question of defence." Likening the Empire to the Banyan tree, whose separate branches take root, he said: "The British Empire cannot stand on a British stem alone; it must rest also on such stems as Canada, Australia and South Africa, drawing strength from our own separate skies and soils and adhering to the parent stem to get added strength."

Amusing Incident at a Local Theatre.

MOST of those who were present at the recent matinee revival in Toronto of Sardou's "Divorcons", did not perhaps notice a very amusing little incongruity. At least it was amusing to those who understood it. Miss Grace George revived the little piece to gratify herself, because the role of Cyrienne is a noted one and puts any woman's talents as a comedienne to an actual test. She does not carry a "production" of the play with her on tour, and therefore furniture and properties had to be improvised from the resources of the property room of the theatre. Among the necessary "props" in the earlier part of the piece are one or two French newspapers. It would not do to represent the household and social circle of the leading citizen of Rheims as subscribers to a Toronto morning journal, though such incongruities used to be by no means infrequent ten or fifteen years ago. The stage manager, therefore, sallied forth to procure some French papers. He found that the acquisition thereof was a matter of some difficulty. At last, however, he got hold of something which he thought would do and procured two copies of the well-known French-Canadian journal, L'Action Sociale, which is published in the city of Quebec.

In the afternoon the household and friends of Monseuir de Prunelles, who, by the opinions they expressed, all had very liberal views indeed on the permanence of the marriage bond and gave no thought to religious obligations, were represented as finding their favorite newspaper in L'Action Sociale.

The joke of the matter lies not in the fact that the journal in question is published in Canada but that it is the official organ of the Roman Catholic hierarchy of Quebec, and is an excellent daily newspaper published absolutely under clerical influences. The idea of its entering the household which regarded divorce with an approving eye would in Quebec be regarded as too funny for words.

Quick Climbing in the West.

WORD comes from Edmonton that Mr. Duncan Marshall, M.P.P., has been given a portfolio in the Rutherford Cabinet as Minister of Agriculture for Alberta. The rapid rise of Mr. Marshall is typical of the quick advancement made in the West by many young men who, had they remained in Ontario, would never have won distinction of any sort unless perchance by the exercise of patience and perseverance through years extending beyond the span achieved by Senators and other patriarchs. The trouble is that in this province there are not nearly enough positions of prominence to go around among the smart and pushing young men looking for honor and glory. But let one of these brisk chaps go West and if he hits into the scheme of things at all, he can become a notability in short order.

Consider the case of Mr. D. Marshall—forgive me—the Honorable Duncan Marshall. He is a hustler if ever there was one. He is a newspaperman by trade, but a politician by instinct and profession. Years ago he published The Clarksburg Reflector, but he didn't stay at home and edit country correspondence and write up village events. He left that to his foreman. He spent his week-ends in the bosom of his family and, incidentally, in collecting accounts which hung fire; but on Monday mornings he packed his gripsack, hustled over to Thornbury (which, as commercial travellers in Ontario know, is the port of Clarksburg, the sister town, fortunate enough also to be on the railway), and hied away to whatever locality stood most in need of being enlightened as to the virtues, powers, and achievements of the Liberal party. For, you see, Mr. Marshall was a political organizer, and his printing and publishing business was only a side-line. In the last dark days of the Ross Government, Marshall was a tower of strength to the tottering old regime. During the last two election campaigns through which it passed—the one in which it won by a majority so small that it is said that the subject of coalition was broached to Mr. Whitney, and the one which saw the Government go to everlasting smash—during these desperate days Duncan Marsnall went up and down the side-lines of Simcoe county with prodigious energy and enthusiasm and brass bands and livery rigs, fairly stampeding voters toward the Grit camps in several constituencies. Mr. Marshall in those days was not Chesterfieldian in appearance. He was neither graceful or suave. He did not affect a flannel shirt and collar as is—or was—the habit of Mr. W. L. Smith, editor of The Weekly Sun, when travelling in the rural districts. Marshall didn't have to do anything of the kind. When he told a gathering of agricultural electors that he had lived on a farm and knew the farmers' needs, they didn't ask for proof of this basis of his sympathy for them. And talk—could anybody ever beat him? With an aggressive jaw protruding and a still more aggressive Scotch roll to his r's, he poured out argument and exhortation in a red-hot, convincing flood of words which no shorthander could begin to report. He made all kid-gloved candidates and speechifiers look like tailors' window figures, like mutes, in comparison. Some people think that the race of spell-binders has disappeared with the present generation. But Duncan Marshall for eloquence was Joseph Tait and Peter Ryan and Frank Denton and several others rolled into one. Old-time Ontario party men, if they know not Marshall, will shake their heads and believe this to be nonsense; but it's true, nevertheless. Well, what did this bright, dynamic young politician—this prince of stump-speakers—get for his reward? Perhaps he got a little backing which enabled him to give up his paper in Clarksburg and buy one in a somewhat larger town—Bracebridge, was it not? Perhaps he did, and perhaps he didn't. Then he ran for Parliament and was beaten. And this was all.

His party in Ontario made no place for him, so four years ago he went to Edmonton and became editor and manager of The Daily Bulletin, doing the work that the proprietor of the paper, Hon. Frank Oliver, no longer has time for. But he took his eloquence and his political ambition with him. And at the last provincial election he was sent to the Alberta Legislature as member for Olds. Now he is a member of the Government—the Hon. Duncan Marshall. That's the way men move on and up in the West.

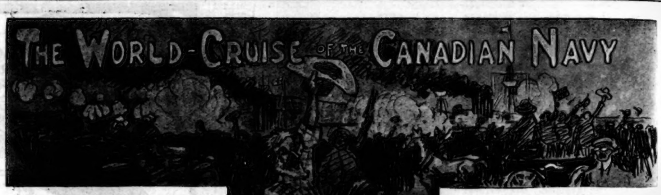
A Hallowe'en Incident.

THE incident about to be narrated did not happen during this year's Hallow'een celebration by the students, but it did happen two or three years ago, shortly after the woman's residence in the Queen's Park came into occupation. A body of light-hearted young students had been out sky-larking and making the night hideous for orderly citizens, without, however, doing much damage to anything or anybody. Finally they decided to "serenade" the young lady students before they turned in, and proceeded in a body to the residence and swarmed upon its lawns, caterwauling "My Bonnie lies over the Ocean," "Good night, Ladies," and other ditties dear to the students' heart. Mingling with the crowd and unrecognized by them were two stalwart north-of-Ireland policemen in plain clothes. They were not looking for trouble but just in case any should turn up they had their batons concealed in their sleeves. Also mingling with the throng were two or three newspaper reporters who knew the "cops" but were too discreet to tip off their presence to the effervescent students. Anyway, to have done so would have spoiled the story should any turn up.

Presently the musical efforts of the throng brought forth the desired results. Several women in white night robes appeared at the windows and kissed their hands to the students and a mighty cheer went up, also many terms of endearment. Soon one of the plain clothes men sought out the reporters. He was fairly doubled up with mirth.

"Them ain't girls that are studyin' at all," he said; "them's the help."

He was the regular man on the beat, and he knew.



TWENTY million dollars' worth of architectural steel and iron composing the mighty Canadian navy, steamed off for its initial world tour amidst the plaudits of a multitude composed of chapters of the Daughters of the Empire, Army and Navy Veterans, politicians, and a few taxpayers.

Every heart swelled with pride (see dictionary for "pride") as the $5,000,000 flagship burning $24 worth of steam coal per minute, took the lead. Her $12,000-a-year Admiral, who had risen in seven months to his proud position from a civil service bookkeeper with friends, was at his proper post, on the bridge. This bridge, scheduled in the estimates to cost $17,000, including three coats of grey marine paint, actually came to $38,000 without the paint. But as the Investigation Committee of the Canadian Parliament has not yet officially reported, the matter is *sub judice*. Anyway, little asides like that must not interfere with the great spectacle.

As the flagship moved majestically past the Union Hotel Hill, there was a belch and a roar and $50 worth of smokeless powder exploded in a salute. Everyone cheered, including all the hoi polloi that had to pay the bills. These were outside the official ropes. The captain of the "National Debt," who had lobbied hard to be Admiral, set his teeth just at the time Pringle & Booth were taking pictures. He broke away from the rail, picked up a $25 tube and shouted to the head gunner to outdo the flagship or bust the mizzen gun.

The Captain set his teeth

The result was that the "National Debt" reeled back from a discharge of $150 worth of powder, purchased by contract. Bought on the market it would have cost $98. The "Laurier" boomed out its salute, and every cruiser in line began blowing collateral or its equivalent from its guns, to the great delight of the populace.

Then all-brass gongs, as per specifications, began to chime. The Lorraine steel screws, under the influence of steam generated by a coal consumption of $8 a minute, doubled their revolutions and the marine monsters, shining under the touch of $40 worth of Sapolio, made for the narrows beyond which lay open water. There was a well-trained crew aboard each ship. At the sound of the dinner gong, every man sprang at once into action. The gunners were specially selected from replies sent to a series of cent a line advertisements inserted in The London Times. Each gunner had passed a special examination propounded by Col. Fiset and the Secretary of the Navy, so that the fleet marksmen were composed of the cream of a dozen European navies, that happened to be not working when the ads. were put in the paper. Those in charge of the venture—that is, of the Navy—had found it somewhat of a tussle to secure enough Canucks to serve as ordinary seamen. Most of them had been finally jerked away from farms, machines and benches by being reminded that it was a Government job, and by being introduced to the Contractors. These latter spoke fervently on the innate possibilities that lay in a Government job.

After waiting 24 hours for a reply——

The flag officers and the midshipmen had been largely furnished by members of the Senate, who were enabled to repay the devotion of lifelong friends in this manner. Most of the midshipmen were under forty years of age, and were smart for their years. So that by these and other means, enough Canucks had been coralled to form ten per cent. of the crew of each first-class armored cruiser, and immediately the fleet steamed out from the harbor the shipbuilding concern paid an interim dividend.

The squadron, representing, with the cost of the vessels, salaries, supplies, accident insurance and repair sinking fund, a capitalization of $50,000,000, struck out to sea, making for a coaling station that was formerly a caucus ground for gulls. This had been purchased cheap by the Government for $700,000. Every one said that as a coaling station, this was a bargain. Of course, before it was wanted as a coaling station it wasn't worth 99 cents, but no one hinted that there was any extravagance in the matter. Making an average of eleven miles an hour, counting the periods when the engines were disabled, the flotilla reached this station in due time, anchored off the Post Office pier and took on $25,000 worth of coal. Two days were spent in testing a $5,000 wireless telegraph apparatus on the flagship. A message was flashed to Quebec. After waiting 24 hours for a reply, and receiving none, the squadron sailed north again. It was afterwards explained that the message reached Quebec all right, but there was no one out of bed when it landed there.

Flying along in wedge formation practising an "approach" manœuvre that had been highly commended by The Canadian Magazine, the cruiser "Fearnothin'" suddenly slackened speed. Her captain had descried three miles distant a piece of grey plank bobbing in the water. Here was a chance for a gunnery test that must not be let slip. After a consultation with the flag officers, the Captain decided not to use the twelve inch cannon, but to utilize a 4.7 that happened to be on board. Half a dozen $30 shells were projected at the mark but no hit was recorded. Suddenly, while twenty $30 marine glasses were levelled at the object to ascertain why it did not sink, a flag was seen to hoist over the plank, and in a few minutes a United States battleship came tearing alongside the "Fearnothin'." The Yank captain sat on her rail, and demanded through a megaphone to know why in blazes he had been fired at. At least he firmly believed that he had been fired at, for some of the shells had burst not over three quarters of a mile from where his ship was resting while the officers fished. He shouted that had his ship with all on board been sunk that he would have sued in the Admiralty Court, Chancery Court, High Court and Division Court for all the damages he could lay on. The Captain of the "Fearnothin'" replied with dignity that his vessel had been mistaken for a plank, and promised that so far as he was concerned, it would not occur again.

The flagship came back to see what the row was over. In the first place the Admiral fined the boss of the "Fearnothin'" ten dollars and costs for getting out of formation, gave him a misdemeanor for firing without orders, and told the Yank man he would write to Bill Taft on the subject and explain.

As a result some hot letters and cables were exchanged between Bill Taft and London. Finally, London sent a stack of unopened letters to Washington, bearing the printed slip "All complaints must be sent to Canada. We are not Responsible." A Commission was finally appointed to probe this incident and it was patched up by the Canadian Parliament agreeing to pay an indemnity of $1,500,000. The Captain of the "Fearnothin'" was severely censured for not knowing a bit of plank from a battleship.

Running with salaries full speed ahead around the Cape, the squadron ran over and slightly injured the war fleet of Venezuela. The allegation was made that this latter fleet had no lights burning at the time, and were in "stand at ease" disorder when struck, and another investigation started which reported that Venezuela was entitled to damages *ipso facto*. The amount has yet to be determined.

As may be imagined, this world tour was doing a lot to advertise Canada. Exports of Canadian chewing tobacco to the United States increased in four months by $79,000, and the Central Y. M. C. A. enrolled two hundred additional pupils on the strength of the fact that one of the middies of the "Irresolute" graduated from that Association, won first prize in the examinations at sea for general proficiency in shorthand.

Through an oversight that has yet to be explained on the floor of the House, the fleet was detained at Chili for two weeks because some lunkhead balled up the order for a coal supply. He cabled on ahead for a thousand tons of stove, instead of steam coal, and every engineer on the fleet said that that would make so many clinkers that if war were declared while the Navy was at sea that it would be practically helpless, and might be captured by a stone hooker. Not only had a record run home to be abandoned, but the whole Navy was away from the polls when the general election came on, and 4,999 votes were lost to the Government. One stoker on the "National Debt" was a Conservative.

How Islands Were Peopled.

SIXTEEN natives of the Pelew Islands in the North Pacific not long ago made an involuntary visit to Formosa which anthropologists find interesting. As reported to a scientific body, the voyage seems to add proof to a current theory of the manner in which the innumerable islands of Oceanica were settled by man.

The Pelew Islands lie east of the southern groups of the Philippines. Sixteen savages in three canoes with outriggers were fishing near one of the islands when a gale blew up and carried them out to sea. They had nothing to eat but fish. They were driven about for sixty days, in which time they probably travelled sixteen hundred miles, and at last sighted Formosa, an island of which they had never heard.

Almost dead from exhaustion, they landed and were kindly treated by the natives of the island. When they were able to eat and had regained their strength they were sent to Hongkong, thence to the Caroline Islands, and from there home in a trading-schooner. After more than three months' absence they were hailed by their friends as risen from the dead.

It is by such involuntary voyages, anthropologists believe, that man was placed on many of the widely scattered groups of Pacific islands. A German authority has collected many similar instances, covering a period of a century and a half.

New Songs for Old---A Bad Bargain

By J. A. McNEIL

IN these days of cold-blooded analysis, ruthless statistics and remorseless data, when birth and death, life and love have all been reduced to a chemical formula, it is passing strange that no chill-hearted scientist has bethought him of studying the causes and effects of the fearful mortality among the song-heroines of the middle decades of the eighteenth century. To examine the music rack on the old square piano in the parlor of that period was like looking over the death register in the city clerk's office of the present day. Where is Little Nellie? Dead. And sweet Alice? She's dead, too. And Annie, and Eva, and Rosalie? Dead, all dead. "All? What, all my pretty chickens—at one fell swoop?" Sure thing! No matter how rosy and healthy a sweetheart might have been, all was over with her if a sentimental lover decided to write a song in her praise. The swain's resolve had as fatal an effect on the fair one as the old magician's trick of melting a waxen image of the hated enemy after sticking it full of pins. Even as he dipped his goose-quill in the ink, the bloom faded from her cheek, and the love-light from her eye, and she drooped and wilted like a stricken lily or an ice-cream brick in the Sahara desert. Before his first verse was finished she had faded away from the earth for which she was too fragile and pure, and in the second stanza they had planted her in the little grave beside the streamlet. The last verse left the heart-broken singer with nothing to live for but an enduring sorrow and the shadowy hope of a re-union beyond the grave. Far be it from us to pry into the sacred mysteries of an inconsolable grief, but there are cynics who hint that ten years later the weeping lover would probably be found possessed of a buxom wife and half-a-dozen children of assorted sexes and sizes.

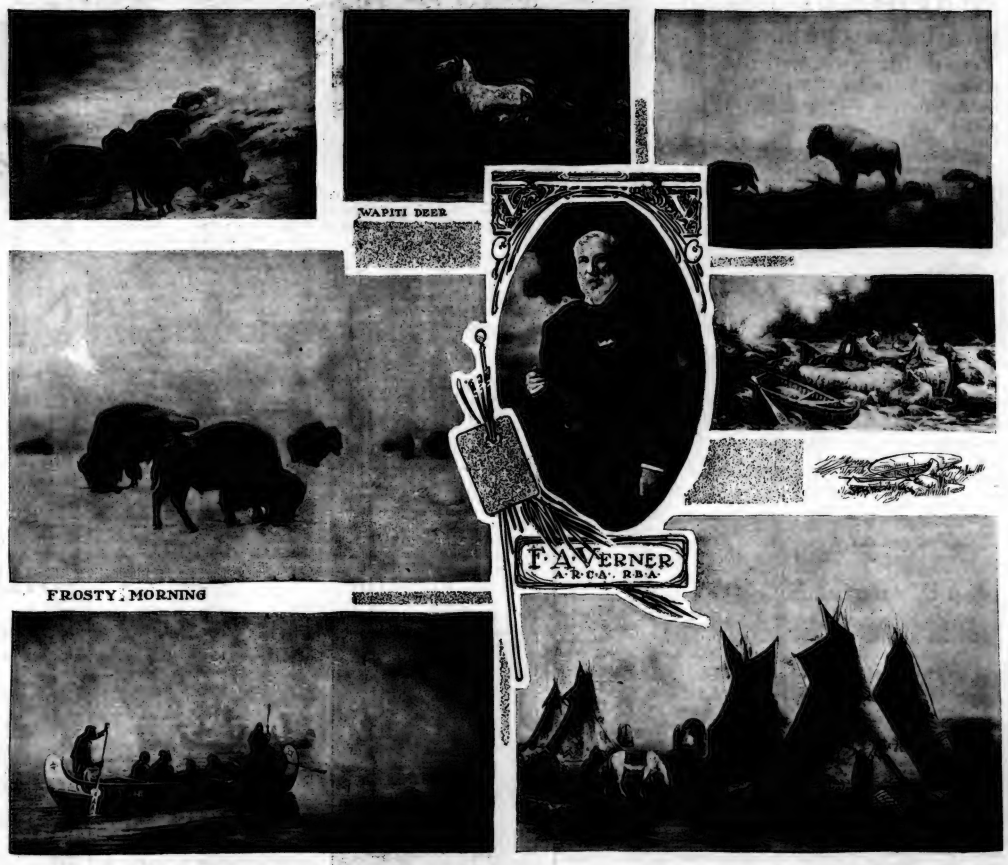
Look down the list of the girls our fathers and mothers sang about when they were courting. There was Little Nell of Narragansett Bay, "so quickly passed away;" and gentle Annette Lisle, whom "earthly music cannot waken;" and poor Nellie Gray, who was taken away by the angels; and the other Nellie, who is sleeping in the hazel dell; and Lillie Dale, who gave such painstaking instructions for the guidance of the undertaker; and Kitty Wells, who was buried when "the myrtle and the ivy were in bloom;" and sweet Alice Ben Bolt, that lachrymose damsel who was trembling with fear when she wasn't weeping with delight; and Belle Mahone, who is implored to wait for "him" at heaven's gate; and Belle Brandon, who sleeps 'neath the old tree whose species I have forgotten at the moment; and Allie, who lies where the weeping willows wave; not to mention Lottie Lane, and gentle Jennie Grey, and "when the springtime comes, gentle Annie," and a score more of loved and lost maidens. And let us not forget that unnamed one whose anguished wooer is "waiting, yes, wa-a-a-a-aiting by the ti-i-i-i-ide," nor Uncle Tom's "E-e-e-evah, Evah!" nor Clementine, who is a frank burlesque on these doleful heroines.

If the scientific enquirer did take up the subject, actuated thereto by the double purpose of increasing the sum of human knowledge and selling the result of his investigation to a magazine, he would probably speculate learnedly and lengthily on the predisposing causes for what he might term "the persistency of the pessimistic propensity in the popular poesy of the period." He would perhaps ascribe it to the dark cloud cast over the United States by the Civil War, or to the influence of Stephen Foster's pathetic negro melodies, or to the prevalence of consumption, which carries off so many of the young and fair, or to the depressing financial conditions reflected in the songs of the people, or to the cheapness of whisky, with the consequent morning-after sadness, or to half-a-hundred other sources, all probably the wrong ones. However, ours not to reason why, ours only to set forth the conditions and pass on to another aspect of the question.

To those who learned the old songs in childhood, they appeal to the heart—as all the grand opera and concert singing heard in maturer years could never do. This prejudice in their favor does not lead the dispassionate critic to deny their many shortcomings. They were of a melancholy cast, it is true; their sentiment was generally obvious and oftentimes trite, their syntax was not always above reproach, and their music was of the simplest order. But granting all these faults, they still had many merits. The feeling rang true and sincere, the music had a simple beauty of its own, and even the most commonplace lines never dropped to the depths of utter banality reached by the Charles K. Harrises and the Paul Dressers and the Harry Von Tilzers who now supply alleged music for the millions and hymn the charms of Mamie and Tessie and Pearl in verses wherein "lady" rhymes with "wavy," and "baby" with "shady." Fortunately, these latter-day doggerelists and tunesmiths rarely attempt the pathetic, but when they do, the result is pitiable. We never realize how good the old songs were until we compare them with some of the new ones. Take the popular effusion of a few years back, "The Banks of the Wabash," which sold by the hundreds of thousands. The air was tuneless, the words peurile, and some of the lines were execrable, as for instance: "I loved her but she thought I didn't mean it." Could mediocre bathos go deeper? The worst of the old songs was never so inconceivably crude and unlovely.

"The world is too much with us," and as the years pass and cares multiply and new interests press upon us, the songs of boyhood days come more rarely to the mind. But sometimes of an afternoon, when the soft summer air comes in at the open window, you begin unconsciously to hum a half-forgotten strain. The pen drops on the desk, and the rattle of typewriters and the bustle of clerks in the outer office become the distant sounds of the harvesters, and the breeze is blowing over wide spaces of wood and field. You are playing with the little brother who grew up to be such a big fellow and who has wandered so far over the world since those far-off days. And there in the old-fashioned farm kitchen sits the sweet-faced mother, singing "Flow Gently, Sweet Afton," and "Annie of the Vale," hushing to sleep the baby sister—that little sister who never grew up at all, and who has been asleep these many years under such a tiny mound of earth. But the mother-heart has never forgotten for a moment. Ah, the memories and the heart-aches and the solaces in the old songs. Thank God for them all!

VERNER'S PAINTINGS OF CANADIAN LIFE



F. A. Verner, A.R.C.A., R.B.C., has just arrived from England and is staying in Toronto. This versatile Canadian artist is well-known for his paintings of the "Red Man," as he existed some years ago and for his excellent studies of the bison. Now that both are passing away these pictures of Mr. Verner will become of historical value in time to come. Mr. Verner was present at the making of some of the treaties by Governor Morris, with the Indians in the Northwest, and this gave him an opportunity of forming a large collection of studies of Indian life. These he has made the groundwork of a peculiar and unique style of art. Two of Mr. Verner's works will be in the coming exhibition of the Royal British Colonial Society of Artists, which opens on the 9th inst., in Montreal.

Bell's Telephone Experiment in Brantford.

BRANTFORD, Ontario, as everybody knows, bases its claim to the title of the Telephone City on the fact that Alexander Graham Bell, the telephone inventor, lived for a time in that city. It, is however, the habit of United States journalists in referring to Professor Bell's career to claim him as an American, and to give the impression that he spent only a few months in Brantford in his youth. In this connection it is interesting to note just exactly what are the claims of that city to the title it so proudly claims, and which it is soon to emphasize for all time by the purchase of the Bell homestead and the erection of a handsome memorial, which Mr. Walter S. Allward, the Toronto sculptor and contractor, expects to complete by July 1, 1912. The inventor was born in Edinburgh, Scotland, and became a teacher of elocution, which was also the profession of his father. The latter moved to Brantford, and in 1870 Alexander came to Canada and took up residence with his parents at their home at Tutela Heights. He was called to Boston to experiment with deaf mutes in 1871, but until 1878 he spent much of his time at his Brantford home. In 1874 and 1875, during his summer holidays, he succeeded in making important advances in telephony. The work done in 1875 enabled him to secure his first patent on March 7, 1876.

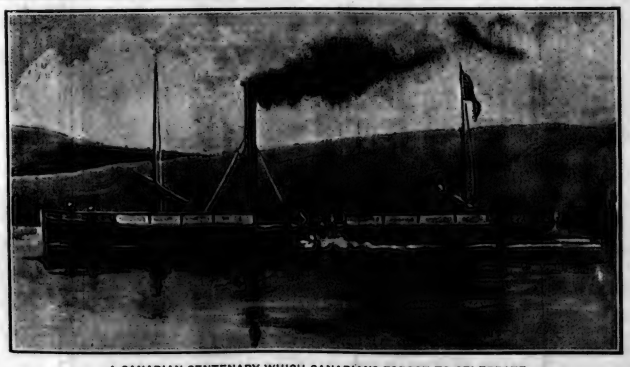
The year 1876 was a red-letter year for the telephone. Professor Bell was confident that he had conquered space so far as transmitting the human voice was concerned, and returned to Canada in July to demonstrate the success of his invention. What followed is outlined in a recent issue of The Brantford Expositor. His first important experiment was that of transmitting the voice of the persons simultaneously. He had a triple mouthpiece made for one of his membrane telephones. This telephone he placed in an outbuilding of his father's house. The iron-box receiver was placed on the verandah of the cottage. The three voices were successfully reproduced by the diaphragm of the receiver.

In the second week in August, three experiments took place that indisputably confirm Brantford's right to the title, "The Telephone City." One experiment was between his father's house and the Dominion Telegraph Company's office in that town. Stove-pipe wire was run along the fences to make connection with the telegraph line. Many guests were convinced of the utility of the invention. One of those who spoke over it was Chief Johnson. It was fitting that, in the town of Brantford, messages in Mohawk should pass over the first line. On another occasion the experiment was conducted between Mount Pleasant and the Dominion Telegraph Office. The most important experiment was between Brantford and Paris. For this experiment the telegraph line was used. Prof. Bell secured some singers to sing a three-part song into a triple mouth-piece. He drove to Paris and attached the iron-box receiver to one of the lines leading to Brantford. He first heard "bubbling and crackling sounds," to use his own words. Mixed with this storm of noises, he could plainly perceive the voices of the speakers and singers in Brantford, in a faint, far-away sort of manner. He had electro-magnets of high resistance substituted for the low resistance ones that were being used. The vocal sounds were then sufficiently loud and clear to enable him to distinguish familiar voices. His triumph was complete; he was rewarded for years of toil and privation. According to Prof. Graham himself this was the first time that words were spoken in one place, were transmitted by electrical means, and successfully reproduced in another place many miles away.

These experiments justify Brantford's claim to the title, "The Telephone City." They enabled Professor Bell to obtain a patent covering important mechanical features of apparatus for transmitting human speech.

As though to emphasize her right to the title, the Lorimer Automatic Telephone was invented and largely brought to perfection in Brantford. This is an invention, which, it is claimed will be to telephony what electricity has been to traction. The present is an automatic age. In many ways the machine has taken the place of horse and man. It will not be surprising if the machine telephone dooms the "hello girl" to extinction.

The Lorimer brothers were born in St. George, and educated in Brantford. Their experimenting was carried on principally in Brantford. They had in their undertaking Brantford sympathy and Brantford capital. While the work was still in its early stage, J. H. Lorimer died, but G. W. and a younger brother, E. S., carried on the experimenting. Their telephone is now a proved success. It is in operation in Rome, Lyons, France, and in the place of its birth. It has also been installed in Peterborough. At present, through a request from Paris, drawings and specifications are being made for an automatic system which could accommodate 260,000 subscribers.



A CANADIAN CENTENARY WHICH CANADIANS FORGOT TO CELEBRATE.

A hundred years ago last Monday the "Accommodation," the first steam vessel to be built and engined in Canada, and the first vessel on the continent to be wholly built at home (the engines for Fulton's "Clermont" were made in England) was launched at Montreal. The builder and owner was the Hon. John Molson, in whose foundry and shops the engines were made. The "Accommodation" plied for many years between Montreal and Quebec.

Huntin' Season.

By Lillian Waters McMurtry.

IT'S w'en summer time is over,
An' mos' every leaf is gone,
W'en there's no more scent of clover
An' the nights is growin' long,
That my pa he's all a' smilin',
An' he w'istles dreadful fine!
An' you couldn't git him rilin',
For a million dollar mine.

Then pa he gits out his rifle
An' examines it to see
If ther's jes the leas'st trifle
As it shouldn't ought to be.
Then he shouts "Now fetch some cotton,
An' the ram-rod, an' the ile!"
Say! pa keep us all a' trottin'
In a huntin' kin' o' style.

Then's w'en ma she speaks mos' sadly,
As she says, "Oh, do take care,
For I really feel so badly
That I mos' am *dead* with scare."
Then pa says: "There aint no reason
W'y men's *wives's* should have fears,
Jes' becus its' huntin' season,
An' the mens go huntin' deers!"

Guess 'em *guides* mus' eat mos' steady,
Countin' by the load of things
Thet my pa hes to get ready,
W'ile he w'istles an' he sings,—
Last of all pa gits his compass,
For to see if it goes right.
Say! aint it a jolly rumpus'
Packin' huntin' things at night?

But the time I count mos' jolly
Is w'en pa brings home the deers,
Tho' *ma* seys, "it's melancholy!"
An' she "Can't help shedin' tears!"
But us *boys* think "pa's the greatest!"
An' we cheer him till we're hoarse;
An'—now, this is jes the latest—
Ma, she jines with *us* of course.

Wilbur Wright can measure the exact direction and force of the wind by running about in a circle. The method would seem to be of ancient usage among politicians, remarks The New York Evening Post.

Late in the morning—dressing in a rush. You'll bless your Mitchell "Slide-Easy" Tie, which adjusts in a jiffy, no matter how tight your high folded collar.

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Opp. King Edward Hotel

"The Haven." By Eden Phillpotts. Published by the Copp, Clark Company, Toronto. Price, $1.50.

ONE always closes a novel by Eden Phillpotts with a sense that one has turned away from a picture not to be forgotten for a long time. It is nearly always a picture of a few common people, the background being an English coast village or countryside. But the canvas is always large, and the figures are all so surely limned, that they seem to be of actual flesh and blood.

"The Haven," either as a story or as a piece of writing, is simplicity itself. It has no plot, in the ordinary sense of the term; it is practically devoid of humor, its action is quite commonplace, it is lacking in any technical smartness or subtlety of phrase-making or word play. It is merely a simple record of the lives of certain people in a fishing village—such a record as any resident of any such a place could outline. And yet who else could write just such a book? To some no doubt it would prove "slow" and tiresome. But its scene and its people are so absolutely life-like that even the most unappreciative reader could scarcely finish it without carrying in his mind for many days the picture it paints, and without being, even for a little while, more inclined to thoughtfulness. While falling short of "The Three Brothers," in interest and forcefulness, it is a characteristic Phillpotts tale, and as such it of course merits the attention of serious novel-readers.

* * *

"John Marvel, Assistant." By Thomas Nelson Page. Published by the Copp, Clark Company, Toronto. Price $1.50.

John Marvel is an ungainly young man who becomes the assistant of the rector of a big church, but who by his fine work among the poor and his self-sacrificing spirit comes to be regarded as an assistant of the Lord Himself. But Marvel is not the hero of the story. The hero is Henry Glave, a well-born young southerner, who is something of a pup and more of a fool, despite his good looks and graces, until he receives a few hard knocks from the world. He and Marvel and a young Jew named Wolffert, the latter being every inch a man, attend the same college. They all come together later in a city which one supposes to be Chicago. There Glave seeks to build up a law practice, and Wolffert, who is a dreamer and a Socialist, helps Marvel in his labors among the poor. The three fall in love with the beautiful daughter of a capitalist, and—but you had better read the book to find out who wins.

The story at the start is very interesting, but the author pauses in his narrative again and again to sermonize on sociological problems, and these pauses lengthen into prosy lapses, until one comes to an entire chapter devoted to the Wolffert's philosophy. In short, Mr. Page has undertaken too much. He has undertaken to discuss the labor problem, the church problem, and the outlook for the Jewish race, and to tell a story at the same time. If he had, after getting all this off his mind in 573 pages, cut out 222 pages of extraneous matter, and sent only the story itself to press, letting characterization stand for argument, he would have come much nearer doing something to maintain a well-earned reputation as a writer.

* * *

"Farm Weeds of Canada." By George H. Clark, B.S.A., and James Fletcher, LL.D., F.R.S.C., F.L.S. Published by the Department of Agriculture, Ottawa. Price $1.00.

Every farmer in the country ought to possess himself of a copy of this very useful and handsome Government publication. It is a second and revised edition, containing 76 colored plates of weeds and weed seeds and 180 pages of text. A glance at the book shows that the price charged is merely nominal.

* * *

"The Many-Mansioned House and Other Poems." By Edward William Thomson. Published by William Briggs, Toronto. Price, 90 cents.

Some time ago this volume of "poems of the world-wide brotherhood" was published in the United States, and on its first appearance SATURDAY NIGHT contributed its mite of praise to what has come to be generally considered a collection of verse of unusual merit. Now it has been issued in Canada at a very low price, and as the poet is a Canadian, and as the poems are also largely Canadian, and real poems as well, the work ought to have a large sale in this country. E. W. Thomson has seen something of the world; he knows what life is, and has a matured sense of proportion; furthermore, he is an accomplished writer. So, having these acquirements in addition to the sense poetic, he does not, when he turns to verse, grind out unmeaning jingles and invocations in country-school-teacher style after the time-honored fashion of "poets" in this country. The verse contained in Mr. Thomson's latest volume is, to use a rough expression, about half-way in manner and matter between the verse of Robert W. Service and that of the most agreeable magazine poets of the day. It is all well worth reading, and Canadians will find much of it to be of quite remarkable interest.

* * *

"The Big Brother of Sabin Street." By J. T. Thurston. Published by Fleming H. Revell Company, New York and Toronto. Price, $1.00.

This boys' story is a continuation of the author's tale, "The Bishop's Shadow." It is a good story, but it is rather too manifestly from a feminine hand. It opens with a college debate, and the reader is introduced to one of the boys of the story as he is yelling "with all the power of his strong young lungs." And the dialogue throughout is not real boys' talk, but the sort of talk which a woman imagines boys to indulge in. It is a story to be enjoyed by small boys and mothers and aunts and sisters, rather than by the class of big boys and young men which it concerns. Yet it is a very good story for all that, quite interesting in its way and morally sound. It pictures the hardships and the ultimate large success of a youth who abandons a good position, which he has won by hard work and self-developed character, in order to work among the boys of a poor district in a big city and teach them the responsibilities of good citizenship.

WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE, the well-known American journalist, who is the author of "A Certain Rich Man."

* * *

BOOKS RECEIVED.

"The Caravanners," the new book by the author of "Elizabeth and her German Garden," will be published shortly. The scene is in England and the chief characters are a German baron and his wife.

* * *

"The Winning Lady" is the title of the new novel by Miss Mary E. Wilkins Freeman. It is a story of New England life.

* * *

Richard Watson Gilder's new book, "Lincoln the Leader," recently published by the Houghton Mifflin Company, is the first prose volume by this author.

* * *

Quiller-Couch, author of "True Tilda," was recently presenting certificates to the members of an ambulance class at Fowey, England. "Years ago," he said, "an old Cornish fisherman at a similar class was asked how he would treat the apparently drowned. 'Well,' he replied, 'the first thing we always did was to empty the man's pockets!'"

* * *

Rider Haggard's historical novel, "The Lady of Blossholme," will be published almost immediately. It is a tale of the days of Henry VIII.

* * *

The other day Mr. Walter Runciman, British Minister of Education, in a speech at the opening of a London library building, vigorously responded to the charge, not infrequently made these days, that public libraries do more harm than good by encouraging novel reading. If they did nothing else, said Mr. Runciman warmly, they would be worth while. And so they would. There are unwholesome novels of course, and a great many poor ones, which, to those of us who are fortunate enough to have opportunities to become discriminating, seem to be worthless. But, after all, the average novel, like the average man, while not brilliant, generally upholds what is good and decries what is evil and mean. And there are thousands of people who can find in the most commonplace of modern novels an atmosphere that is brighter and sweeter than that of the factory, the shop, and the warehouse. Critics are apt to be over-exacting in their demands. They are inclined to base judgment on individual taste and prejudice. Perhaps, carried away by zeal for the public good, or possibly by a desire to display their own discrimination, they are unnecessarily severe on many conscientious authors. There are puritans, too, narrow-minded relics of a less liberal generation, who hold that even the most brilliant novels are distracting and demoralizing. But every sensible person, though he be a critic or even a moral reformer, must realize that any book which takes any considerable number of any kind of people from an unlovely realm of reality to a pleasant realm of fancy for an hour or so must be a book that's somehow good. He must also realize that public libraries, in helping men and women to make such refreshing excursions into the world of fiction, are doing a good work, even if, as Mr. Runciman says, they did nothing more.

* * *

The other day William Briggs, the Toronto publisher, mailed Robert W. Service, the Yukon poet, a cheque for $5,000, the amount of his royalties on sales of "Songs of a Sourdough" and "Ballads of a Cheechako" during the past twelve months. Think of this, ye other Canadian poets. Five thousand a year from poetry—think of it! HAL.

* * *

LITERARY GOSSIP.

"Us Two." A cook book compiled by Jennie B. Williams. Published by the Musson Book Company, Toronto. Price $1.00. This is quite an unusual volume of its kind, as all the recipes it contains are for two people only.

"Canada." Compiled by J. T. Berlby, B.A. Published by the Mallagh Bookshop, London, Ont. An attractively illustrated book which ought to be useful to young people, especially residents of other countries who are thinking of coming to Canada.

"Imperial Anniversary Book." By Harold Saxon. Published by William Briggs, Toronto. Price $1.00. A memorandum book in which anniversaries of imperial events are recorded for each day of the year, together with appropriate poems or poetic extracts.

"The Vision of His Face." By Dora Farncomb. Published by the William Weld Company, London, Ont.

"The Friendly Life." By Henry F. Cope. Published by Fleming H. Revell Company, New York. Price 35 cents.

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He looked in a store window, and saw, "Hats reduced." "Heavens!" said he to himself. "What was their original size?"—Lippincott's.

MR. JEROME K. JEROME.

The famous humorist, whose book, "Three Men in a Boat," brought him such universal popularity and whose semi-religious play, "The Passing of the Third Floor Back," made such a sensation. Mr. Jerome's latest book, "They and I," has just been issued.

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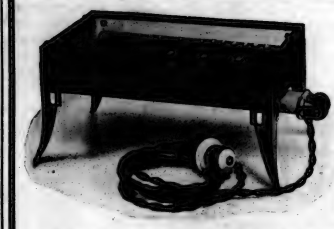

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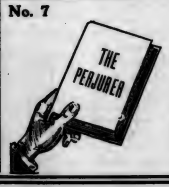

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PORTER

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SPORTING COMMENT

PRESIDENT McCAFFERY of the Toronto Baseball Club confirms the report that Joe Kelly has signed a contract to manage the team next year. He also says that Kid Mahling has been sold to the Montreal Club for $1,000, and that two big-league players, a pitcher and an outfielder have been purchased, while a major-league catcher will probably be signed shortly.

Contrary to New York despatches, Ed. Barrow was not appointed supervisor of the umpires, and therefore does not hold any Eastern League office, but the chances are he will get into baseball again, as Harry Taylor of Boston Americans is very anxious to have him act as scout, while an Eastern League club is after him as manager. President Powers says he is going to nominate J. Stein of Buffalo as president next year.

* * *

JEFFRIES and Johnson have at last signed articles to fight for the heavyweight championship. When the pugilists and their backers met in New York the other day to settle this world-shaking matter, it is said that little talk was exchanged. The negro addressed Jeffries several times as "Mister Jeff." But the latter as far as he was able ignored Johnson altogether.

The terms of the agreement signed by the fighters are as follows:

1—They agree to box for the heavy-weight championship of the world.

2—They agree to box for the club organization or person offering the best financial inducement.

3—Bids for the contest must be submitted on Dec. 1, 1909, at 3 p.m., at the Hotel Albany, New York City.

4—Each club, organization or person making a bid for this contest must have a representative on the ground, who will post $5,000 in coin or certified cheque to make good any and all stipulations of his bid.

5—Referee to be selected when the club's bid is accepted.

6—It is hereby agreed that the contest shall be forty-five rounds or more.

7—The purse shall be divided, 75 per cent. to the winner and 25 per cent. to the loser.

8—Each of the contestants herewith post with Robert P. Murphy, of New York, as temporary stakeholder, the sum of $10,000. Of this sum each posts $5,000 as a wager or side bet on the result of the contest and $5,000 as a forfeit to guarantee compliance with those articles.

9—The contest shall take place not later than July 5, 1910.

10—It is hereby understood and agreed that the battle will be fought under Queensberry rules and with five-ounce gloves.

11—The final stake and forfeit holder is to be decided upon when the club is selected.

Almost immediately after the signing of the articles, the stakeholder received an offer of $75,000 for the fight from the Centralia Athletic Club, of Centralia, Wash., accompanied by a certified cheque for the amount of the proffered purse. This is considered to be one of the best bids which may be made for the battle. In the meantime Sam Langford is anxious to fight Johnson, and the latter may accommodate him if he puts up enough cash to make a meeting worth while.

* * *

Tennis players will be interested to learn that a Badminton Club is being formed in Toronto. It is intended to play the game indoors throughout the winter months, so that devotees of tennis will have an opportunity of keeping their form by practice at a very similar game. Information may be obtained from Mr. W. H. M. Martin, 111 Avenue road.

* * *

THE British turf can boast of some strange celebrities in its long history. But surely none of them can have had a more remarkable career than John Gully, who was Derby-winner, pugilist champion of the world, and a member of Parliament. His strange story is told in an interesting article in a recent issue of The New York Sun.

John Gully was the son of very poor parents and first saw the light at Bristol in the year 1873, but as he reached man's estate was a picture of muscular development. Those were the golden days of the prize-ring in England, when even the gladiator's art received the patronage of royalty, and Gully's friends advised him to go in and try for some of the laurels. Around the years of 20 he had three ambitions—to win the championship of the prize-ring, to own a Derby winner and to obtain a seat in Parliament.

Gully had no real hankering after the life of a prize-fighter, but he wanted the championship, and his ambition was fulfilled, for at the dawn of the nineteenth century he was champion of England, and the title then carried with it the world's championship. Gully held the belt and the cup emblematic of the championship for a few years, but in 1808 he turned both over to Tom Cribb, saying he was through with "the squared circle forever. All this time he was possessed of a passion for racing and was the most constant visitor at the big race meets, where his keen methods of calculation in betting were well known.

On account of his fame as a pugilist he was on friendly terms with most of the big racing men, who soon found out that he had other abilities than those of slugging. Among Gully's admirers were Lord Foley, the Marquis of Queensberry, Lord Abingdon, Col. Mellish, Pitt and Fox. He began to act as betting commissioner for them, and as betting was heavy in those days and bookmakers few Gully soon found himself with a fat sum to his credit. Then he began to strike out for himself, and buying a few horses got a man named Sykes to train them at Malton. Not content with moving along on a small scale, he bought the Derby winner Mameluke from Lord Jersey in 1827. The price paid was a pretty stiff figure for those days, $20,000.

Harry Whitney, the young American sportsman who has come so prominently to the front owing to his having been called as a chief witness in the Cook-Peary controversy. Mr. Whitney, who was on a hunting trip in the Far North, was the first white man to meet Dr. Cook upon the return journey of the latter from his "Farthest North" journey.

In 1831 Gully went into partnership with Ridsdale, and that same year the stable ran second in the Derby with Little Red Rover. The next year saw Gully mount the ladder of his ambition, for the partners won the Derby with St. Giles, and the victory brought a large amount in bets, both doing so well that they dissolved the partnership the Monday after the Derby. Just then Gully had a good horse in Margrave, for which he paid $27,000, and he decided to make another bid for the St. Leger. For the purpose of putting him in the best possible trim Margrave was sent to John Scott to undergo a special preparation. As he had won the Criterion he reigned favorite in the betting, but he cut his leg badly while at work and his price went up to 1,000 to 15, and stood at that price a week before the race. Scott, however, got him around, and when he appeared at Doncaster his price fell to 10 to 1. The horse made all the running and won in a common canter, Gully clearing the nice sum of $50,000 on the event.

Soon afterward Gully took John Day as a partner, and the pair shared the possession of The Ugly Buck, with which they won the Two Thousand Guineas in 1844, and the horse ran fourth in the Derby. In 1845 Gully should have won the Derby with Weatherbit, but the colt became unmanageable on the course and in a mad dash to break away jumped over Pam, another horse in the race, and Merry Monarch, an inferior colt, came home a winner. Next year, 1846, Gully was destined to score double firsts at Epsom, a feat never accomplished by any owner up to that time. Pyrrhus the First landed the Derby and Mendicant came home in the Oaks. In his two-year-old year Pyrrhus was so poor a performer that Day sold his interest in him for $500 to Gully. Early in his three-year-old season he won the Newmarket Stakes and beat a real good animal in Iago, when it dawned on Gully that there was something in the colt.

A much stiffer test which was given him convinced the owner that he had a first rate chance at Epsom, and some bets were placed on the colt in the meantime. Pyrrhus went to the post a warm favorite and beat Sir Tatton Sykes and a field of twenty, winning $60,000 for Gully. The colt was prevented from starting in the St. Leger, but as a four-year-old he continued his winning career by securing among other big races the Orange Cup at Goodwood. At the stud he did well and got a lot of fashionable stock, among them being Virgo.

Gully continued his success on the turf with varying fortune till 1854, when he had another streak of good luck, and he was then 71 years of age, but his eye for a good animal had lost none of its sharpness. That year he won the Two Thousand Guineas with The Hermit, and the Derby with Andover. He had only a part ownership in Andover, but it is certain that the colt would have never figured at all at Epsom but for Gully. In the spring of 1852 Gully was staying at Danebury for a while, and one day he caught sight of three yearlings, one of which impressed him. This was Andover, and he inquired of Padwick, the owner, if the colt was for sale. Padwick said no and told Gully that he had just paid $3,000 for him. Then Gully inquired if a partnership could be formed, and to this Padwick consented. The colt was then placed in Gully's care and every hour of his work was closely watched until he flew past the post at Epsom.

When Gully ran for Parliament he was opposed by Lord Mexborough for the Pontefract seat and the contest was fought out bitterly. Gully's rival used the fact that he was once a prize-fighter against him and he all the time wanted to know if the constituents cared to be represented by a man of that class. Evidently they did, for they elected Gully and he did very well at Westminster.

* * *

THERE is a certain Canadian guide of whom it is asserted that if he were blind-folded and taken up in a balloon and dropped into the middle of a wilderness he would find his way out. The other day he was asked by a hunter how he made his way so surely through the woods.

"Is it true," said the hunter, "that you can find your way back to camp every time and in the straightest line possible?"

"That's what they say," admitted the old guide; "and," he added half apologetically, "I should be ashamed of myself if it wasn't pretty close to the truth."

"How do you do it?"

"Well, sometimes I know pretty well where I am—I mean, in a general way—and I feel the direction of the camp or whatever place it is I want to reach. You know that is an entirely different proposition from merely getting out of a forest or a section of country. The man who doesn't know where he or anything else is can always follow the streams and get somewhere some time if he holds out long enough.

"But that is a different matter from taking an objective point, even imaginary, and then going straight through the wilderness to that point. Perhaps not many guides themselves can do that with absolute success, though it seems a very simple thing to me."

"Do you mean that you can hold a perfectly straight course through thick woods and across broken country without a compass or sunlight to guide?"

"As straight a course as could be followed in such country."

"What is your guide, the moss or growth on the shaded side of tree trunks?"

"No. That's not to be depended on. Sometimes the dampness collects on the north side of a tree, sometimes on the east side, sometimes on another slant. You can't depend on it, for it may be one thing in one ravine and just the opposite where currents of air and relative positions of tree and of water are reversed.

"But there is one thing which in any general stretch of country is infallible. That is the inclination of the trees. Every section has its prevailing wind. If you know what is the prevailing wind of the region where you are it seems to me that anybody with half an eye ought to be able to hold a straight course.

"Of course you won't find the trees in thick woods bending at a decided angle as you will find those on exposed ground. But if you observe carefully you will detect enough variation from a straight perpendicular to keep you going true. That's the secret of my sense of direction, and it's a secret every man in the woods can share."

PLAYFAIR.

The difference between the rich and the poor is that the former buy their spring clothes in the winter while the latter buy them in the summer.—Life.

The Honorary Governors who will visit Toronto General Hospital during the coming week are Mr. Robert Laidlaw and Mr. John Northway.

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PLAN OPEN NOVEMBER 25th.

THE DRAMA

MADAME NAZIMOVA,
The eminent actress who appears at the Royal Alexandra next week in a new American play, "The Passion Flower."

AN old problem in a new guise is presented at the Royal Alexandra this week. In "A Man's World," Rachel Crothers, clever playwright that she is, has worked out another story—a living, breathing stage picture—around a theme that in life and in stageland never grows old. There always have been and perhaps always will be two standards of morality. One standard for women, set and regulated by men and women; and another standard for men, set by men for themselves. The man demands that the women of his life be better than he is. In the words of Malcolm Caskell in the play: He knows she's better than he is, and he demands that she be. That's the whole business in a nutshell." Mary Mannering, always capable, presents in the part of Frank Ware, authoress, a resident of Bohemia and still not of it, and woman who is misunderstood by some and loved by all, a characterization well worth the seeing. The story of the play while strong, and with a meaning that is as evident to the listener as it is potent and effective, is, if it may be so called, a gentle, refined presentation of a great social problem. The company throughout—there are eight characters—are most capable, from Charles Richman cast as Malcom Caskell, the strong, aggressive lover, to little Kiddie, played by Master Mark Short as few children could present it. On Monday evening, and I believe later on also in the week, a scene in the third act between Frank Ware and Helen Ormsby (Clara Oaks) was almost spoiled by the bad manners and lack of appreciation of a portion of the audience. Why these people saw anything supremely funny in this tale of a woman's failure is beyond me. As a matter of fact the scene was a little gem, and I sincerely hope that Miss Ormsby will find elsewhere audiences that will fully appreciate her work. The one loose thread in the piece is its concluding scene in which the lovers are brought together, but this, I believe, is being changed for the better.

* * *

"THE COAST OF CHANCE," a dramatization by Eugene W. Presbrey of the story of the same title, is being played at the Princess this week. It has, at least, the merit of novelty. A valuable and famous ring disappears in the presence of the whole company. Nobody knows who has it, except, of course, the thief, and no one knows who the thief is until the very last. The suspected individuals are a woman and two men, both of whom are in love with her—roles played by Jane Oaker, Hamilton Revelle and John Maurice Sullivan. Mr. Revelle, who once lived in Toronto, and Miss Oaker have the most to say to each other and to the audience. Mr. Revelle does a very creditable piece of work. Miss Oaker would be more effective if she were more natural and did not essay imitation of Ethel Barrymore and several other stars. Mr. Sullivan makes the most of his qualifications as an actor—an imposing presence and a very deep voice. Frank Hatch, as Judge Buller, in whose house the ring disappears, has a part too small for his very excellent ability. The other members of the eight-part cast are acceptable as fillers-in. The performance has been attracting good audiences during the week.

* * *

MADAME NAZIMOVA, the famous actress whom Toronto has seen but once and that in an Ib-

(*Concinded on page* 18.)

THEODORE ROBERTS AND FLORENCE ROCKWELL
As they appear in a scene of "The Barrier," a notable production of which will be given at the Princess Theatre next week.

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MUSIC

THE Yankee shrewdness of our neighbors across the line is sometimes seen to be a poor and paltry thing beside the impressive gifts of our English cousins.

Some weeks ago, one of our musical Torontonians, noticing an advertisement in an English journal which announced a miraculous method of acquiring skill in sight-playing, wrote for particulars, and in return received a circular which stated the fee for the complete three months' course to be £3 3s., *with an extra charge of 10s. for the Colonies and abroad.*

Here is a case where even the financial genius of the Chinese as embodied in the cryptic formula "no checkee, no washee" pales into nothingness.

In other words, the ancient and honorable, if stodgy, principle of "cash down" is quite insufficient to consummate a deal with this dignified firm; one must pay extra for the distinction of being a colonial or a foreigner—which amounts to the same thing in the impartial eyes of the advertisers.

At first blush, there is something exciting about it. Our imagination is touched. We are called upon to pay for a delightful intangible something—an inherent difference. But, hold! It cannot be an admired distinction, for then we would not have to shell out ten bob extra; rather, we would get a rebate. Therefore it must be, as one suspected all along, a disgrace that we are laboring under.

Now, the gentleman who wrote for the circular was apparently so completely wanting in sense of shame, so utterly callous concerning his inferior Colonial condition as to refuse, with some show of indignation, the benignant offer of the kind advertisers.

This is most unfortunate, and I for one would like to ask my good friend to reconsider his decision, and proceed to subscribe to the course. The effect upon our whole national musical life would be most disastrous if these philanthropic English advertisers were debarred from furnishing us with musical instruction at ten shillings extra per Colonial head.

This apparent discrimination, one feels sure, causes them much pain, and is only carried out through a sense of duty and a desire to preserve the proper balance of power, and all that sort of thing, don't you know. What?

* * *

There comes to hand a little sacred song, "Thy Rest," words by Camilla Sanderson, music by James H. Murray, and published by A. H. Goetting, 141 Yonge street. The music, set for medium voice, is attractive and well written, and excellently reflects the spirit of the words. Church vocalists could use this song to advantage.

* * *

The annual concert of the Toronto College of Music was held in Massey Hall on Tuesday evening before a large audience. The programme was of a very exacting nature, and was rendered by the advanced students of the institution, who showed careful and conscientious training in their various efforts. The orchestra, consisting largely of students, played the accompaniments under Dr. Torrington's baton with praise-worthy results. The audience was very appreciative in listening to the performers, who were Isabel Wingate, Clara Jeffery, F. Lillian Johnstone, Olive Blain, Dorothy McMahon, Thos. B. Kennedy, Marion Porter, Margaret Casey, J. E. Fiddes, Olive Casey, Alma V. Clarke, Eveline Ashworth, Mrs. E. J. Hopkins, H. Rutherford, J. Milne.

* * *

I have never seen finer chirographical work as displayed in musical manuscript than that which is done by Mr. Wm. Maxwell of the Whaley Royce firm. Recently, I had the opportunity of examining his penmanship in a 75 page manuscript copy of Francis Thorne's "Legende" for Harp and Orchestra, and anything more like copperplate would be hard to imagine. For years Mr. Maxwell did all the manuscript work for Julian Edwards, the well-known composer, and has therefore had a valuable experience in this class of work.

* * *

Mr. J. E. Middleton, choir director of Centennial Methodist Church, deserves great commendation for his excellent concert of Thursday of last week. A miscellaneous sacred programme was followed by a performance of Gaul's "Holy City," with the following capable soloists: Miss Ada M. Davis, Mrs. Elizabeth Campbell, Mr. Bruce Bradley, Mr. Marley Sherris. The choir had evidently been very carefully rehearsed, and its work was well received. Mr. E. R. Gissing, Mrs. W. Telford, and Miss Perle Chelew were also acceptable assistants.

* * *

The annual concert of the High Park Presbyterian Church was held on Tuesday evening last, and was a most creditable event. Mr. W. Preston MacHenry, the director, is to be congratulated upon his efforts, both in choir and solo work. An interesting programme was contributed to by Mrs. J. H. Payne, Miss Ethel Dever, Mrs. Cleland Armstrong, Mr. Ernest J. Seitz, Mr. Frank C. Smith, Mr. George F. Liddle.

* * *

Miss Mabel Preston Hall, a talented pupil of Mrs. Genevieve Clark Wilson, of the Conservatory of Music staff, gave a very pleasing vocal recital on Thursday evening of last week in the Conservatory Music Hall. This young singer has already achieved a great deal under the able guidance of her capable instructress and bids fair to be one of our best local sopranos. A violin obligato was acceptably contributed by Miss Roehelle Copeland, pupil of Mr. Frank E. Blachford. Miss Mona Bates, one of Dr. Fisher's most talented piano pupils, was much admired in solo work. The accompanist for Miss Hall was Mrs. Dorothea Davis Killer.

* * *

Mr. Tattersall's third organ recital in the Conservatory Music Hall attracted another large audience last Saturday afternoon. The performer's brilliant work aroused genuine enthusiasm. His playing of Bach's celebrated "Passacaglia" in C minor was especially noteworthy.

* * *

The Royal Welsh Ladies' Choir, which arrived in Canada last week, beginning their tour in Montreal, will be a novel and popular musical attraction at Massey Hall this Saturday evening. The Montreal critics have been most enthusiastic over their splendid choral singing. The Montreal Gazette says: "Various singing organizations from the old country have visited Canada in recent years, but the Welsh ladies easily excelled any of them, not merely in the perfection of their chorus singing, but in their solo work as well." The choir is composed of twenty voices, and is under the direction of Madame Hughes Thomas.

* * *

After listening to Mme. Sembrich's farewell concert on Wednesday evening last, one could only wish that her leave-takings might be as perennial and numerous as are Patti's. Age cannot wither nor custom stale the infinite charm of Mme. Sembrich's art, for after twenty odd years of public use her voice is almost unimpaired in its flute-like purity. Her singing of the aria from Ernani, the "Fruhlingsnacht" of Schumann, "There sits a bird," by Foote, and the florid waltz song "Voce di Primavera" of Strauss, were all examples of her beautiful command of vocalization and interpretation. Mr. Fancis Rogers was the assisting artist, and his manly baritone and fervent style won favor from the large audience present. Mr. Frank La Forge accompanied everything from memory, and with rare intuition and skill.

* * *

Fanny Bloomfield-Zeisler, the greatest of American pianists, whose wonderful tone color, masterful technique and magnificent rhythm elicited such storms of applause in European concert halls during her European tour of 1902, will appear in concert in Massey Music Hall on the evening of Nov. 29.

* * *

It is sometime since Miss Lillian Burus has been heard in Toronto, and the announcement of a recital of interpretive reading on Nov. 17. will be hailed with pleasure by the many who regretted her departure for the Pacific coast a few years ago.

* * *

An extremely readable and thoughtful article on Choral Music in Canada appears from the pen of Dr. Vogt in The Home Journal for October. After discussing the ideals and qualities to be sought after, and comparing the Canadian with the English voice, Dr. Vogt concludes as follows:

"Canadian choruses, if they wish to rise above the commonplace or if they wish their work to be recognized as something distinctive must, first of all, seek to elevate their performances to a level which shall command the attention, not only of the ordinary music lover, but also of the blase critic and weary professional. The latter, in most cases and with much reason, have been educated to regard the conventional slovenliness of the average chorus as something to be endured rather than to be enjoyed. A very high order of technical attainment is the first thing to be achieved after which the other details which go to make artistic results will be comparatively simple. A good quality of tone in all sections of a choir, not in one or two only, is essential if a chorus is aiming at anything above the ordinary. A sensitive conductor will also require that in all shades of expression a pure, well-balanced tone be maintained. Nothing is quite so cheap in musical performances as the amateurish habit of a certain type of director who purrs over soft passages *ad nauseam.* Such a choirmaster valiantly shrinks from exposing the real quality of his chorus by eliminating a sane expression which might make demands upon the voices of his singers in the loudest as well as the intermediate and softest strains. It is probably because the uncultivated concert-goer is so easily deceived by such minstrel effects that much trickery is practised in this connection.

On the whole I believe it will be found that Canadian choirs possess to an unusual degree the natural qualifications necessary in order to obtain the best possible results. Absolute perfection does not, nor never has, existed anywhere, but the choir which fails to set for itself a high mark, is not likely to attain to a high standard of achievement.

* * *

Miss Bertha May Crawford, soprano soloist in the Metropolitan Church, has left on a three months' tour of the West with the Ruthven McDonald Concert Company.

* * *

The following notice appeared in Musical America of August 7:

Mme. Jeanne Jomelli the grand opera prima donna sang at Ocean Grove, September 30, and more than came up to the reputation she has won elsewhere. It can be said that she is one of the greatest singers of modern times. Ocean Grove audiences have already heard this season such artists as Schuman-Heink, Nordica, Bispham, Homer, Yaw, and many others but it is doubtful if there has ever been a more enthusiastic reception accorded any singer. She displayed all of the beautiful tone quality, the facile technic in the bravura passages, and the inimitable phrasing and style for which she is noted. There was no question of her success for the audience was not satisfied until it had demanded numerous encores and recalled the singer countless times. Mme. Jomelli will sing one grand opera aria, accompanied by the Pittsburg orchestra in addition to the solo parts in choral numbers at each concert of the Schubert Choir in February.

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Tommy (who sees no way of escape)—"Well, ma, it was so dark in there I didn't see the other!"—Judge.

"My, I do wish they would use Lux!"

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ANECDOTAL

REV. DR. RITCHIE, of Edinburgh, though a very clever man, once met his match. When examining a student as to the classes he attended, he said:

"I understand you attend the class for mathematics?"

"Yes."

"How many sides has a circle?"

"Two," said the student.

"Indeed! What are they?"

What a laugh in the court the student's answer produced when he promptly said: "An inside and an outside."

The doctor next inquired: "And you attend the moral philosophy class, also?"

"Yes."

"Well, you doubtless heard lectures on various subjects. Did you ever hear one on cause and effect?"

"Yes."

"Does an effect ever go before a cause?"

"Yes."

"Give me an instance."

"A barrow wheeled by a man."

The doctor hastily sat down, and proposed no more questions.

* * *

NOT only the houses of the Mexicans, but whatever you admire is yours. If you express a sentiment of approbation of anything, the owner at once says: "Senor, it is yours"; but he simply intends something flattering, and you are therefore not expected to accept anything that is offered to you.

An amusing story is told of Sir Spencer St. John, the English ambassador, which illustrates how this national courtesy often provokes embarrassment. Sir Spencer, who is a gallant old bachelor, was promenading with some ladies in the park when he met a nurse girl with a bright-eyed baby. The ladies stopped to admire the little one, and Sir Spencer asked whose child it was.

"Senor, it is your own," replied the nurse, with a courtesy.

Sir Spencer has never inquired as to the parentage of pretty children since.

* * *

BISHOP Taylor-Smith is gifted with a delicious sense of humor. Preaching once on charity, he told a good story of a gentleman who was one day relating to a Quaker a tale of deep distress, and concluded by saying "I could not but feel for him."

"Verily, friend," replied the Quaker, "thou didst right in that thou didst feel for thy neighbor; but didst thou feel in the right place—in thy pocket?"

* * *

A YOUNG preacher who was staying at a clergy house was in the habit of retiring to his room for an hour or more each day to practice pulpit oratory. At such times he filled the house with sounds of fervor and pathos, and emptied it of most everything else. Philip Brooks chanced to be visiting a friend in this house one day when the budding orator was holding forth.

"Gracious me!" exclaimed the Bishop, starting up in assumed terror. "Pray, what might that be?"

"Sit down, Bishop," his friend replied. "That's only young D—— practicing what he preaches."

* * *

"OMIT, if you please, the first verse of the hymn," said the minister.

The congregation looked surprised.

"It mentions 'Greenland's icy mountains,'" explained the minister. "We can not afford to introduce into this peaceful gathering any subject likely to lead to acrimonious debate."

* * *

AN individual, well known on the Berlin Bourse for his wit, one morning wagered that he would ask the same question of fifty different persons and receive the same answer from each. The wit went to first one and then another, until he had reached the number of fifty. And this is how he won the bet: He whispered half audibly to each:

"I say, have you heard that Meyer has failed?"

"What Meyer?" queried the whole fifty, one after another, and it was decided that the bet had been fairly won.

* * *

THERE is a good story told of the days when Lord Halsbury was a barrister. He was arguing a case on behalf of a Welshman, and showed a great knowledge of the principality and its people.

"Come, come," said the Judge at last, "you know you cannot make yourself out to be a Welshman."

"Perhaps not," replied the barrister, "but I have made a great deal of money out of Welshmen in my time."

"Well, then," replied the Judge, "suppose we call you a Welshman by extraction."

* * *

HERE'S a little incident which shows how good-natured everything was at the signing of articles of agreement for the Jeff-Johnson fight.

The photographers had lined up their battery of cameras four deep and two of the men had shot off flashlights, filling the room with smoke, when some of the picture men discovered that the double flash had caused the principals to "wink on the picture." Accordingly they made ready to take another flash.

"Put the smoke out first," cried one of the photographers.

Johnson's lips parted in that renowned "golden smile," and he remarked in broad Alabama dialect:

"Ain' yo' goin' a gimme chance, gelmun? or ah yo' speakin' to Mistah Jeffries?"

And even Tom Sharkey joined in the laughter.

* * *

HE was dining at a French restaurant, and while he was sipping his black coffee and firing 500 glances a minute at a girl in a fluffy pink and white dress, a stranger gracefully commandeered his overcoat. He had just reached the door when the owner tapped him on the shoulder.

"Pardon me, sir," he said, meekly, "but would you allow me to get another cigar from my coat pocket, in case I do not meet you again?"

* * *

AN exact definition of a gentleman has been tried many times, never perhaps with entirely satisfactory results. Little Sadie had never heard of any of the definitions, but she managed to throw a gleam of light on the subject, albeit one touched with unconscious cynicism. The word was in the spelling lesson, and I said:

"Sadie, what is a gentleman?"

"Please, ma'am," she answered, "a gentleman's a man you don't know very well."

* * *

THE secret of Dante's struggle through life was in the reckless sarcasm of his answer to the Prince of Verona, who asked him how he could account for the fact that, in the household of princes the court fool was in greater favor than the philosopher.

"Similarity of mind," said the fierce genius, "is, all the world over, the source of friendship."

* * *

AN alien wanted to be naturalized and was required to fill out a blank. The first three lines of the blank had the following questions: "Name" "Born?" and "Business?" He answered:

"Name—Michael Levinsky."

"Born—Yes."

"Business—Rotten."

Visitor (to hostess whose small daughter is amusing herself by blowing up the air-cushion seat of a motor): "Oh, do you think it's wise to let your little girl do that? So liable to give one cancer, you know! I always let the butler do it."—Punch.

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This photograph shows the trim outlines of one of our leading Patent Boots. There is a dash about this model that appeals at once to the woman who likes to have her entire costume in accord with the latest vogue.

Made in 1-4 Sizes.

REGAL SHOE STORE

110 YONGE STREET

J. Simon
59 Fg. St. Martin
PARIS, FRANCE

Crème SIMON
POUDRE ✦ SAVON
Unrivalled for the preservation of the skin

From all Chemists and Perfumers

No Plumbers' Bills

When you buy the Rowe Sanitary Lavatory—used any place—installed anywhere—no tearing up of walls and floors—does away with the inconvenient, unsanitary washstand, bowl and pitcher. Investigate it. Latest patented household necessity. Sales on American side enormous. Ask your house furnishing and hardware dealer about it.

$18.00

Agents Wanted

The Steel Trough & Machine Co., Ltd.
TWEED, ONT., CANADA

St. Lawrence Sugar "Crystal Diamonds"

The New Sugar For The Table

St. Lawrence "Crystal Diamonds" are the perfection of sugar refining and a distinct addition to the tea table. These sparkling Crystal tablets of the purest sugar are dainty and tempting in appearance—the proper accompaniment of delicate china, rich cut glass and exquisite linen. The best dealers keep "Crystal Diamonds" in attractive 5 lb. cartons. They are sold also by the pound.

Crystal Diamond Dominos are larger tablets, specially for coffee. In 5 lbs. cartons only. 18

The St. Lawrence Sugar Refining Co. Limited, - Montreal.

That very early train.

CAMP COFFEE

Made instantly—a child can make it. It has all the fragrance and delicious flavour of the finest coffee. There is no other 'just as good.'

Ask your grocer for it to-day, and be sure to say 'CAMP.'

R. PATERSON & SONS, COFFEE SPECIALISTS, GLASGOW

HOLBROOK'S SAUCE

Adds a delicious zest and piquancy to SOUPS, FISH, MEATS, POULTRY, GAME.

MADE AND BOTTLED IN ENGLAND—SOLD BY ALL GROCERS

CLARK'S CHATEAU Brand BAKED BEANS

are of such high quality, so well cooked and so appetizing that children hail their presence on the table with delight.

The beans are hand-picked and carefully selected, and are thoroughly cooked at a very high temperature.

Nothing pleases the children more nor is better to build up good bone and muscle and ensure good health.

In Chateau Beans you get Clark methods and Clark quality.

10c., 15c. & 20c. a Tin

Wm. Clark - Montreal

Manufacturer of High Grade Food Specialties

Column

THE earmarks of the old-fashioned gentlewoman are in danger of being obliterated. They don't seem to be valued at their true worth in this rushing age and in this young country. Listen a minute to the tale of them—the precious things that indicate that their possessor has been gently reared, well-bred and responsive to the more refining influences. In the first place is personal dignity, which is built upon purity and self-respect. To us, who (having reached the age of critical and kindly observation) take undying interest in the standing of our successors, the girls of to-day, this touch of personal dignity is the most beautiful thing. It checks "freshness" in the youth and familiarity in the man and gives the girl a value she could scarcely appreciate in their eyes. They are very loyal to the girl with personal dignity. They leave her name out of careless talk, dismissing it with their crude verdict that she is "all right," which means a very complete and hearty endorsation, not to be cavilled at nor questioned. Dignity doesn't mean stiffness, formality, prudishness; it is the real thing and worth cultivating, if by nature one has it not. Another earmark is cordial, sweet interest in the welfare of all her kind, the most lovable trait a woman can own, and one which strews her life with flowers. Differing from an affected and unctuous sentiment, deeper than expressions of love and devotion is this wide charity and earnest recognition of others, the essence of Christianity and therefore the highest sort of breeding. It hushes the voice of detraction, scandal, and other bees that sometimes buzz in the bonnets of the young things, not so often, let us hope, as later on when the joy of living grows weary. Candour and honesty help more than tricky girls believe to that success which young folks hope for. The girl who doesn't mind fooling her mother, breaking her promise, playing off the parti-eligible against the very desirable, scheming for attentions and knifing her rival, insinuating here and hinting there, may get ahead for a time, but will eventually land where she belongs, at the foot of the ladder. There was a time, in the "golden days," when it considered the height of indelicacy and bad taste to refer to the money value of things. That idea clings to the gentlewoman of to-day, but the commercialism of the hour is making it quite the thing to quote the price of any thing under discussion, from a wedding gift or an engagement ring to the gloves one gets for 49 cents. Listen to the conversation of a party of shoppers in a busy season and you won't need to read the advertisements. You will in addition have a certain depreciative thought of the cabinet of silver, the wonderful old vase or the little finishes to the toilette which you observed at the wedding.

✱

The latest pun of the incorrigible joker took place at a Sunday supper this week. "Why," said he plaintively, "is my glass like Watson's sensational poem?" When everybody gave it up, he reached for the wine. "Because it's about M. T.," he sighed.

✱

The elevator was jammed with bargain day folk, fusty men, bareheaded women, obstreperous children, a few disgusted ladies, whom necessity compelled to mount to the sixth story, a knot of salesgirls chewing gum and chattering. "Let me out—I cannot stand this!" begged a lady, as the car sailed up. "I should think you'd stuff up your nostrils and try and breathe through your ears!" she vouchsafed to the patient elevator man. "No use, lady," said he sadly; "you can hear a smell like this!"

✱

Mr. Fane Sewell has made a new translation of the national sentiment of Canada, to be sung to the stirring tune composed by Calixta Lavallee. We cannot complain of the dearth of patriotic songs, and this translation of Judge Routhier's "O Canada" (which has been sung for ages in the Province of its clever old author) is worthy of a place in our memories.

O CANADA!

O Canada! blest heritage of old
Our sacred trust, by grace of God, we hold;
We'll sing thy praise from shore to shore
And be no nation's thrall,
We're strong in peace, and prompt in war
To answer Empire's call!
Rise Canada! Strong for your King,
And with Britannia's sons your anthem sing.
Hail Canada! the first-born of the Five
Great loyal lands wherein brave Britains live!
Inspire us Lord with love divine
To bind with strongest tie
"Oak," "Fleur-de-lys" and "Maple" vine
In bonds that ne'er will die.
O Wondrous Love! Strong in Thy might
Implant Thy Seed, enrich us with Thy light.

Almighty God! let nations doubt no more
Our loyalty as in the days of yore.
Our fathers fought and died for lands
We now possess in peace,
"Separation" will not stain our hands,
Nor will devotion cease
For Canada, where voices ring
In anthems loud for Empire, Home and King.

It goes with a good ring, doesn't it?

LADY GAY.

Society at the Capital

THE most notable event in the Capital's social and sporting circles last week was the formal opening of the new Hunt Club by His Excellency Earl Grey. The clubhouse, which is quite an imposing structure, fills a long felt want in the hearts of those in the Capital who are devotees of the hunt, and its handsome appearance and artistic and comfortable interior do great credit to the capabilities of Mr. Allan Keefer, a young Ottawa architect, who is quickly coming to the fore. Following a luncheon given to His Excellency by Mr. J. W. Woods, President of the Club, at which were present the Presidents of the local Country, Golf and Rideau Clubs, and the Masters of Hounds of the Toronto, Montreal and Quebec Hunt Clubs, a point-to-point race for His Excellency's cup took place, after which the numerous guests who had viewed the race from carriage, motor car and cab, sojourned to the clubhouse where they were received on the verandah by Her Excellency Countess Grey, gowned in taupe velvet with which was worn a long black fur coat and violet bonnet, and after passing indoors were extended a hearty welcome by Mrs. R. E. Webster, wife of the popular M. F. H., who looked very handsome in a lovely gown of wisteria cloth with large hat to match, and Mr. J. W. Woods who looked exceedingly smart in his pink hunting costume. Much appreciated refreshments were partaken of from a buffet decorated with cut glass bowls full of featly yellow 'mums, as the keen outside air had sharpened everyone's appetite. Besides a party from Government House in which were the Ladies Sybil and Evelyn Grey, Mr. and Mrs. Fisher, of Oxford, England; Sir Percy Fitzpatrick and Miss Sybil Broderick, the opening was attended by a number of people from out-of-town, who came to Ottawa especially for this event. Among these were Mr. and Mrs. and Miss Colin Campbell, Mr. and Mrs. Bertie Oglivie, of Montreal; Mr. and Mrs. Allan Palmer, of Kingston; Miss Lilian and Mr. Lorne Ogilvie, of St. Laurence Park, Brockville, and Mr. George Beardmore and Mr. Harry Osborne, of Toronto.

✱

A delightful dinner was given on Tuesday evening by Mr. Geo. H. Perley, M.P., and Mrs. Perley, in honor of Sir John and Lady Hanbury Williams, who leave Ottawa shortly to take up their residence in Edinburgh, Scotland. Among those present were Lady Lake, Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Borden, Mr. and Mrs. H. K. Egan, Mr. and Mrs Archibald Parker, Mr. and Mrs. P. D. Ross, Mrs. A. P. Sherwood, Mr. Nicholson, and Mr. C. J. Jones. The table was very lovely with its decorations of white and yellow 'mums.

✱

Mrs. Samuel Nordheimer, who has been much feted during her stay in Ottawa, was the *raison d'etre* of a very enjoyable tea of which Mrs. Clayton was hostess, when Mrs. H. P. Wright, Mrs. J. S. Ewart, Mrs. Martin Griffin, Mrs. Avery, Mrs. Gilbert Fauquier, Mrs. John Gilmour, Mrs. John Hodgins and others had the pleasure of a chat with this charming lady from Toronto.

✱

Miss Bessie Keefer, whose marriage to Mr. Sweeney, of Toronto, takes place on Thursday, November 4, was the guest of honor at a tea given by Miss Mildred McPherson. Mr. Sweeney spent Thanksgiving in the Capital with his fiancee, returning to Toronto on Monday night.

THE CHAPERONE.

Ottawa, November 1, 1909.

W. A. Murray & Co. Limited

56 Years' Growth in Merchandising.

Our $25.00 Motor Coat

HERE is a very sensible Coat for Winter Wear. We call it a "Motor Coat," but it is of course just as useful for any outdoor wear, walking, driving or general outing. The materials are all the very best, being specially imported by us for this Coat, lined to the waist with Skinner's Celebrated Satin that is guaranteed to give perfect wear; all tailored and finished by expert men tailors. A Coat that you will be pleased with and one that will give you entire satisfaction. Our special price $25.00

PERRIN GLOVES

STYLE-FIT-DURABILITY

THE ASSOCIATION OF DIAMOND MERCHANTS Ltd.

Our New Specialty—3 and 5 row rings and bracelets, composed of Diamonds, Rubies, Sapphires, Emeralds and Pearls. Prices:
3 Row Ring, $15.35; 3 Row Bracelet, $37.75; 5 Row Ring, $25.50;
5 Row Bracelet, $57.25.

Pearl and Amethyst Pendant, $13.35.

Gold Art Locket, Set 4 Diamonds, $5.10.

Ruby or Sapphire and Diamond Scarf Pin, $8.50

Gold Cat and Goldfish charm, $2.75.

New Pearl Drop Earrings, $6.00 per pair.

New Princess Amethyst and Peridots and

Brooch Pearls, or Pearls, $5.10.

You can buy from England, pay your duty and purchase cheaper and better than you are now doing.

Please write for Catalogue, 6,000 illustrations. Post free on application.

6 GRAND HOTEL BUILDING, LONDON, W. C.

A limited number of these catalogues can be obtained from Room 107 Mail Bldg., Toronto. 1855

"Tronco" Port

BOTTLED IN OPORTO BY

TAYLOR, FLADGATE & YEATMAN

(Established 1692)

AGENTS--MESSRS. GEO. J. FOY, Ltd., TORONTO

Sweetens the Stomach

and, best of all, it makes you yourself feel sweet.

Abbey's Effer-vescent Salt

SOLD EVERYWHERE. 27

Two Telephones in Your Home

YES—It's worth considering.

Remember how difficult it was to decide where to place your first telephone?

Perhaps your experience of having just one telephone, whether located upstairs or downstairs, will convince you of the added

Convenience An Extension Set Offers

Then no matter where the call finds you—your telephone is close at hand.

No more stair climbing with its labor and loss of time.

800 Operators at Your Service Day or Night

The Extra Cost is Small

Get an estimate from Contract Dept., Main 5460.

The Bell Telephone Co. OF CANADA

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for additions and alterations to the General Post Office Building, Toronto, Ontario," will be received at this office until 5.00 P.M., on Monday, November 22, 1909, for the work mentioned.

Plans, specifications and form of contract can be seen and forms of tender obtained at this Department and on application to Mr. Thos. Hastings, Clerk of Works, Customs Building, Toronto.

Persons tendering are notified that tenders will not be considered unless made on the printed forms supplied, and signed with their actual signatures, with their occupations and places of residence. In the case of firms, the actual signature, the nature of the occupation and place of residence of each member of the firm must be given.

Each tender must be accompanied by an accepted cheque on a chartered bank, payable to the order of the Honourable the Minister of Public Works, equal to ten per cent. (10 p.c.) of the amount of the tender, which will be forfeited if the person tendering decline to enter into a contract when called upon to do so, or fail to complete the work contracted for. If the tender be not accepted the cheque will be returned.

The Department does not bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

By order,
NAPOLEON TESSIER,
Secretary.

Department of Public Works,
Ottawa, October 29, 1909.

Newspapers will not be paid for this advertisement if they insert it without authority from the Department.

"THE COMFORT OF IT"

ENGLISH SHIRTS

Perfect Fitting Neck and Sleeves
Roomy in Body

Oxford and Zephyrs, from $1.00
Fine Taffetas and Silk Mixtures, $2.50

WREYFORD & CO.
85 KING ST. WEST
Agents for Dr. Jaegers Specialties

HOME DECORATION

Now is the time to think of re-decorating your home for the winter season. Let us give you an estimate. Office Phone, Main 2677. Residence 3 D'Arcy St.—Phone College 435.

JAMES J. O'HEARN & SON
Decorators
249 QUEEN STREET WEST

Phone Main 351. 28 Toronto St.

M. J. O'KEEFFE
FIRE PLACES
FLOOR AND WALL TILES
TORONTO

ALEX. MILLARD
UNDERTAKER
Private Mortuary
Phone M. 679. 359 Yonge St.

"Seal Brand" Coffee

Means The Certainty of Satisfaction

"Seal Brand" is more than a name.
It is both a Trademark and a guarantee.
It is the trademark of the largest distributors of high-grade coffees in the world—who guarantee the quality of every pound of coffee they sell.
Make sure that your coffee will be rich and delicious and appetizing, by always buying guaranteed coffee—like "Seal Brand."
In 1 and 2 pound sealed tins—never in bulk. At all grocers.

CHASE & SANBORN
MONTREAL. 110

A PRACTICAL DRESSING CASE

Rolls Up Small and No Bottles To Break. : :

CONTAINS ONLY TOILET ARTICLES THAT ARE NECESSARY AND OF GOOD QUALITY. BRUSHES ARE REAL EBONY. MADE IN

SOLE LEATHER, $10.00
SEAL GRAIN, - $12.00
REAL MOROCCO, $13.00

THIS IS ONLY ONE STYLE OF THE DIFFERENT DRESSING CASES WE MAKE.

The Julian Sale Leather Goods Co Limited
105 KING ST WEST

MADE IN CANADA

GILLETT'S CREAM TARTAR

High Grade

Guaranteed Chemically Pure
SOLD IN PACKAGES AND CANS
Same Price as the poor Adulterated Kinds

E. W. GILLETT CO., LTD.
Toronto, Ont.

THE DRAMA

(*Continued from page 14.*)

sen play, will begin a week's engagement at the Royal Alexandra next Monday evening, in an American character, in an American play, of American authorship—"The Passion Flower," by Brandon Tynan.

To see Nazimova in an established role is to realize fresh possibilities in the character portrayed. This has been apparent in her Ibsen plays, for she has made the characters her own. In "The Passion Flower" she has a role that to a certain degree suggests Norah in "The Doll's House," for she plays the part of a young wife, utterly unconscious of her husband's responsibilities or of the serious side of marriage.

Subtly, with no apparent effort, yet with absolute surety, she throws over the footlights a complete portrait of the woman she represents, weak, pleasure-loving, self-indulgent, but at heart a woman of fine impulses and of pure mind. The drama is of the modern school and it develops a series of highly dramatic situations. The third act, when a gypsy ball is in progress in the house of a banker facing disgrace and ruin, is a fine example of stagecraft.

Mme. Nazimova is supported by a company of unusual excellence, including Brandon Tynan, Harry Kolker, Ernest Glendinning, Wallace Erskine, Grace Reals, Norah Lamson, Leffie Tilbury, Grace Gibbons, Carmen Nesville, and William Hasson.

* * *

"THE BARRIER," the strong and interesting dramatization of Rex Beach's novel of that name, will be presented at the Princess Theatre next week. It may be taken for granted that readers of this page are familiar with the story, and the present interest in all matters appertaining to the far north makes its presentation on the stage exceptionally timely. It is sufficient to add that Theodore Roberts, so well remembered here for his many fine performances, notably that of Jo Portugais in "The Right of Way," will play the role of John Gale, and that his supporting company is a strong one, including such favorites as W. S. Hart, Florence Rockwell, and Alphonz Ethier. The Princess ought to do big business next week.

* * *

Henry Woodruff, the well known leading man who was last seen here in "Brown of Harvard," will make his initial bow in musical comedy at the Grand Opera House, beginning next Monday evening. The piece is called "The Prince of To-night," and comes stamped with the approval of over 260 nights at the Princess Theatre, Chicago. The book is by Adams and Hough, and the music by Joseph Howard. The story of the piece is of a rather fantastic nature, dealing with the adventures of a poor but well-bred college boy, who, after being turned down by the richest girl in Palm Beach, becomes Prince for a night of the mythical land of Lunitania through the aid of the blooming of a century plant. Mr. Woodruff has in his support over sixty people, among who are Miss Ruth Peebles, late prima donna of the original "Prince of Pilsen" Company.

* * *

Homer Lind, the very popular baritone, presenting the musical playlet, "The Opera Singer," heads the bill at Shea's Theatre next week. The Six Musical Cuttys (brothers and sisters), billed as the world's greatest musical family, and Harry Linton and Anita Lawrence, presenting the "Piano Store," will be the special attraction. Other acts included in the big bill are The Three Ernesto Sisters, Mignonetti Kokin, Hallem and Hayes, Gilletti's Baboons; amusing kinetograph pictures will complete the bill.

* * *

Did you ever have brought to your notice the many ridiculous situations that arise from the efforts of a person to join a fraternal organization? This is the basis of theme on which Roger Imhof has constructed a lively comedy, which will be presented by the Fads and Follies Company at the Gayety Theatre next week.

FIRST-NIGHTER.

ARTHUR PRINCE,
The noted English entertainer, who comes to the Majestic next week.

The New Gerhard Heintzman Building, City Hall Square

WE HAVE MOVED

INTO OUR NEW BUILDING

41-43 Queen Street West

(Opposite City Hall)

A SPECIALLY SELECTED STOCK OF

Gerhard Heintzman PIANOS

GRAND
SELF PLAYER
UPRIGHT

IS BEING DISPLAYED

Our New Salesrooms are conceded the finest in Canada. A complete description may be seen in this issue.

We cordially invite you to visit our beautifully appointed New Salesrooms and inspect our display of Art Pianos.

GERHARD HEINTZMAN, LIMITED
City Hall Square
TORONTO

PONY SKIN COATS

The Latest Designs at Reduced Prices

One late addition to the catalogue of furs, Pony Skin, seems to have taken the world of Fashion by storm. The Pony Skin Coat certainly does make a fashionable-looking garment, and, besides that, it is comfortable and good-wearing.

We, fortunately, anticipated a large demand for these Coats, and only yesterday put an extra two hundred of them into the showrooms. We are fortunate, too, in being able to offer them at greatly-reduced prices. The coats are exactly the same as those being worn in Paris and New York. They are in different lengths, and have trimmings and fancy buttons in splendid taste.

$60 to $100

We do not hesitate to say that you will not likely meet again such splendid bargains in high-class Pony as we are offering to-day.

They are made in tight-fitting and semi-fitting designs, with plain or slashed backs, lined with the best of brocaded satin, or with plain satin in different colors. Some with the new shawl collar, some with military and plain collars, and with or without cuffs. Individual designs in fancy buttons.

CALL AND SEE THE DISPLAY.

DINEEN
140 YONGE STREET, TORONTO

Births, Marriages and Deaths

BIRTHS.

HEINTZMAN—On Friday, October 29, 1909, at "The Birches," Annette Street, West Toronto, to Mr. and Mrs. Geo. C. Heintzman, a son.

HARRISON—On October 30th, at London, Ontario, to Mr. and Mrs. George W. Harrison, a son.

MARRIAGES.

HEMMEON—WRIGHT—At Seattle, Wash., October 27th, 1909, Mary Elizabeth, youngest daughter of Capt. Emerson and Mrs. Wright of St. Catharines, Ont., to Dr. J. Moran Hemmeon, of Seattle.

CLARRY—CAMERON—At the home of the bride's parents, 441 Reid street, Peterborough, Miss Jean Milne Cameron, youngest daughter of Mr. John Cameron, to Mr. Ernest Simpson Clarry, of the Trent Canal staff, son of Mr. and Mrs. L. S. Clarry of Millbrook.

GOOD AND BEFORE YOU GO TO BED

Invaluable for the SKIN in HOT & COLD climates. Removes all IRRITATION and TAN.

BEETHAM'S LAIT **Larola**

Gives a PERFECT COMPLEXION SOFT as VELVET.

VERY GOOD AFTER SHAVING

DEATHS.

REAZIN—In Lindsay, on October 1909, Eliza Mills, widow of the late Sam Reazin, aged 79 years and 11 months

NATURAL LAXATIVE

Hunyadi Janos

MINERAL WATER

FOR SALE AT ALL DRUGGISTS & GROCERS

A gentle and wholesome Laxative Water plays an all important part in maintaining good health. It regulates and tones up the system. Try a bottle and drink half a glass on arising in the morning.

A BOTTLE CONTAINS MANY DOSES

If it isn't EASTMAN, it isn't KODAK film.

Kodak film is the film of experience—not of experiments.

The first film, the first transparent film, the first daylight loading film, the first orthochromatic (color value) film, the first non-curling film, was:

Kodak Film

Back of Kodak film is our experience of more than 25 years film making, an experience that has made Kodak film the Dependable film.

The latest film improvement is the use of duplex paper, red on one side and black on the other, in kodak cartridges. This duplex paper does away absolutely with the offsetting of figures on the film, and still further improves the keeping quality of Kodak cartridges because the red paper, which comes next to the sensitive side of the film, does not cause it to deteriorate as does black paper.

Fit Your Kodak with a **Zeiss-Kodak** ANASTIGMAT f/6.3 The Lens of Quality for the Camera of Quality

Identify your film by the "NC" on the box and "Kodak" on the spool end

Canadian Kodak Co., Ltd.
TORONTO, CANADA

No More Handsome or Useful Present Could Be Desired Than This Jug of Baccarat Crystal in "DEPOS-ART."

If you do not know what "Depos-Art" is, write for our book on the subject. It tells, in an interesting and readable manner, how this beautiful ware is made.

The book also contains a number of illustrations showing many useful and beautiful articles.

If you are making anyone a present do not decide until you know what "Depos-Art" offers to you.

THE HEMMING STUDIOS

14 St. Helen St., - - - MONTREAL

TRADE MARK

EXAMINE JAEGER UNDERWEAR

You know that ONLY PURE WOOL of the finest and fleeciest quality is used in JAEGER UNDERWEAR.

You can feel its wonderfully fine texture, and note the absence of roughness and harshness.

JAEGER Garments are designed and cut to provide perfect protection for the body and comfort in wear.

No pains are spared to finish every detail in a style worthy of the high grade materials used.

But the greatest test and the greatest testimonial it can have is the hundreds of thousands of wearers who ask for JAEGER because they have worn JAEGER.

The JAEGER trade-mark guarantees purity and quality.

It wears better than any other.
It is the most comfortable of all.
It protects the health best of all.

Sold at fixed moderate prices by leading dealers in all principal cities. Suits from $3.00.

Write for Illustrated Catalogue, Free.

DR. JAEGER SANITARY WOOLEN SYSTEM CO. LIMITED

RETAIL DEPOTS:
10 Adelaide St. West, Toronto
316 St. Catherine St. West, Montreal
364 Portage Ave., Winnipeg

The Rag

(Continued from page 9.)

care-free sleep of those early years; the mornings when we met around the simple table to share the good things prepared for us by the toil-worn hands. It means the partings, the heartache, the heroic labor—everything, even to the nation's blood given freely to make of us one great family; a family known wherever man speaks to man as the protector of the weak and the defender of the wronged.

"It means the soul so individual and so distinct that seeing it among the nations the world recognizes it as ours.

"Strength, the integrity of the People—we mean all that when we say 'Our Country.'

"Now, the country has one representative: the Flag. The Flag stands for our faith, our honor, our homes, our graves. It stands for all that we hold sacred, from the mothers bending over the cradles to the old ones bending towards the tomb.

"The Country means the People and the Flag means the Country. And so, to honor them who died in the service of the Country, we leave the Flag to float above these graves, until, worn by time and by tempest, it falls to mingle with the atoms of the dust. We leave it in place of them who cannot murmur here their love and sorrow. In its folds the spirit of our land will linger in the sighing of the wind, in the voices of the sea and in the silence, to keep watch for the country; to guard the eternal sleep of them who walk the earth no more."

Through the tangled vines the seamen followed their commander to the boats, and solemnly, in silence, they climbed the ladder to the ship.

At sunset, when the men were swarming to salute the tricolor, Romainville opened his door.

Pornic, with arms crossed before his face, barred the way.

"What is it?" asked the commander. "Have you come to tell me that you refuse to stand with us when we salute that rag? . . . No! no! Pornic! Not there!" For Pornic had fallen at his feet.

"Commander . . . forget . . . forgive! . . . You had mercy, . . . you gave me my chance!"

Romainville cut short his prayers.

"I know all you would say. It is all past. You and I can begin again and, this time, hand in hand. You shall stand for me; you shall voice all that is in my soul: Faith in God, Love of our Country. Will you do that for me, Pornic?"

"Yes, commander, yes!"

"Come, then; they are waiting."

So the two were as one when the clarions pealed and the flag ran down from the mast head.

From that hour Pornic stood for the flag.

When the ship anchored again at Toulon, when the sailors clinked glasses in the wine shops, the spellbinder was still at work. But the Breton scorned him. Doubt, bitterness, contempt—he had left all that down there in Africa where the flag floats against the deep green of the mountain, or droops in the hot mists above the graves.

A GREAT ORGANIST.

Something About Mr. Edwin H. Lemare, Well Known in Toronto.

Mr. Edwin H. Lemare, the eminent English organist, is well known by all who are interested in music. His technical mastery of his instrument is dominated by a sensitive, musical temperament and a sure artistic sense. To hear his playing of one of Westenholme's Lyrics for the organ is a rare delight. His opinion on any musical topic must be received with respect for the prominent position he occupies as an artist. In Pittsburgh recently, he investigated the Angelus, that wonderful piano-playing device. Here is his statement: "Any pianist or musician must admit the wonderful virtuosity of the Angelus,—its artistic possibilities in the hands of a capable musician either amateur or professional, are limited by his own temperament and knowledge. As a means for artistic interpretation, it is, in my opinion, absolutely unique. The Angelus with its wonderful devices for phrasing and emphasizing notes should be welcomed by all true musicians." In Canada, the Angelus is sold as an interior part of the Gourlay Piano, an instrument which in five years has won an unquestioned position in the van of Canadian pianos, not only for the clarity and beauty of its tone, but for its careful construction and its staying-in-tune qualities. The Gourlay-Angelus is an ideal combination, worthy of a place in any studio or in any drawing room. Messrs. Gourlay, Winter & Leeming will be glad to show the instrument to all interested at the firm's Yonge Street warerooms.

Many a man has a reputation of being forgiving when he has merely a short memory.—Lippincott's.

SELLERS-GOUGH

"The Largest Exclusive Fur House in the British Empire"

FUR STYLE

Furs of a high order and dependable quality necessarily must be stylish.

In our productions for this season we have expressed all our strength, our experience, and the full might of our organization to the last degree in the style and quality of our display.

We ask you to compare our quality, styles, and prices.

FURS TO ORDER

Our order department is one of the largest, and maintains its high reputation for executing and designing Coats, Neckwear, and Muffs in the most exclusive models and choicest selection of skins on the shortest possible notice.

We cordially invite your inspection. Any selections that are now made from stock will be held for future delivery, including "Holiday Gifts."

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52003	Stop Your Tickling, Jock.
52008	Tobermory.
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58017	Something in the Bottle for the Morning (Foo' the Noo').
58011	Rob Roy MacIntosh.
x53005	That's the Reason Noo I Wear a Kilt.
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